Literary

Though none to throw the Whip or rule the Helm,
Nor can boast Hands in which to use the Elbow,
Touch the right Spring—the FOLLIES Wheel has Power

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON: M,DCC,LXXIX.

LITERATURE presents her respects to her Friends and Relations of both Sexes in this Country.---Some Ladies and Gentlemen, who entertain a regard for her and her numerous Children, have joined their different abilities to provide her with a Carriage. Literature humbly hopes, after she and her Family have (in other parts of the world) experienced that vicissitude of fortune for so many centuries, which she will some time or other relate, the wearied sole of her foot may at last be suffered to find rest. She brings out her New Carriage on this day, in honour of a certain great LADY's birth, to whom she and her's have no common obligations.

As Mr. Hatchett, of Long-Acre, has some time since sent his Coach to India, which drew such a crowd of spectators; Literature takes the liberty to inform the PUBLIC, they are heartily welcome to crowd, in as great numbers as they please, to a sight of her New FLY. It surely must be greater entertainment to see the CARRIAGE of BRITISH LITERATURE, than to contemplate the Coach of an Indian Nabob, with the hardest name that was ever known.

18th January,
1779.

THE LITERARY FLY.

NUMBER I. MONDAY, JANUARY 18th.

THE SECOND EDITION. [Price Sixpence.]

O would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study—Flies! DUNCIAD, IV. 453.

WHILE Extravagance can boast his Phaeton and four, Covetousness his Buggy, Business his Diligence, Ambition his Car, Misanthropy his Sulky, Elegance her Vis-a-vis, Macaronyism its Cabriole, how hard is it upon poor Literature to be obliged to trudge it on foot! We have at last taken pity upon her and her children, and have instituted a Vehicle purposely for their convenience. Until we can form some tolerable judgement of the number of our Customers, it will set out only once a-week: when the approbation of the PUBLIC shall have lent us a helping hand, we may, perhaps, perform our journey oftener.

To display the utility of such a scheme as the present, would be to demonstrate to the World that the circle is not square. How frequently do the Fugitive Offspring of Literature wander about and never get to their journey's end! Many a little lively Tale which set out for London on foot, has been lost within five miles of its place of nativity, and never heard of more: and many a bold and manly Satire has been stopped on its road,

by

by a cruel hoſteſs, and detained in eternal bondage for bed and board; condemned, perhaps, in future to guard the butter, or to keep the meat from burning. While we are, with tears, committing to paper theſe miſeries which await the family of Literature, we learn, from the indiſputable authority of ſome of the numerous correſpondencies which we have been at great pains and much expenſe to eſtabliſh, that there are now coming up from Oxford, in the baſket of the Birmingham, an old Elegy, and two Monodies under age; from Cambridge, in a returned hearſe, a Poem written for Mr. Seaton's prize, and an Eſſay on the mathematics; from Wales, two lame irregular Pindaric Odes, after the manner of Gray; they trudge it on foot—from Holyhead, Paradiſe Loſt done into rhyme, an Heroic Poem (in blank verſe and in dialogue) upon the White Boys, and an extempore Epigram almoſt finiſhed: theſe three go halves in the expenſe of walking with the waggon. The laſt courier we received from Edinburgh paſt upon the road a tall, ſlender, emaciated Hiſtory on horſeback, with a bold young dog of an Epic Poem before, and a fretful, whining, dirty-noſed Tragedy, clinging behind. This group was attended by a patient jack-aſs loaded with natural philoſophy and politics, poetry and metaphyſics, bread and cheeſe ſimilies and ſyſtems; epiſodes, problems, metaphors, and cold meat; in ſhort, with all the motley baggage and baſtard brood of Literature. Of this promiſing train of literary artillery, of this precious cavalcade, what numbers may never reach the anxious Metropolis! How much more convenient would it be for the good old ſuperannuated Lady, and her too often infirm and crippled Family, to loll at their eaſe in a genteel comfortable Fly, fitted up with plate-glaſs windows, patent wheels, and ſteel ſprings!

We may be told there are already Literary Conveyances. Sorry are we, for the credit of this Country, that they ſhould be ſuch as they are. If it were not for the name of the thing, one might as well walk on foot. To ſuch a paſs are our morning and evening Stages come, that it is almoſt infamy for any Gentleman, much more for any Lady, to be ſeen in them. Our monthly Machines are not better; magazines only of ribaldry and ſcandal. In ſhort, one and all contain ſuch nonſenſe, ſuch abuſe upon every character, from the King down to his loweſt ſubject; nay, and ſometimes worſe than abuſe, that it is impoſſible for any thinking perſon to travel in one of them for two minutes without being diſguſted. Even our young men cannot bear them: every time our daughters do but ſee one of them, they loſe ſomething of the purity of their minds;—what if they were ever to make a journey in one of them? The Sons indeed of Lord Bute and Lord Chatham honoured theſe Vehicles with their company lately;

lately; but, truſt us, young Ladies, you may ſet your caps for many a dull morning before you will meet again with two ſuch noble fellow-travellers.

A WISE parent would as ſoon think of truſting a young lady by herſelf in the Sunday long-coach to Barnet, or in the Unicorn team to Greenwich, as in any of our daily or monthly Stages: and yet no parent would be ſorry if his child had an opportunity ſometimes of taking the air in a literary way, without thereby incurring diſgrace.

MR. DODSLEY, it is true, has an annual Conveyance of this kind; but to that objections may be made, beſides the difficulty of procuring places. And though, in the days of Horace, Literature taught her children to ſtretch their patience to nine years, they are not now able to go nine months. Our literary, as well as our other vehicles muſt travel poſt:—we are all upon the ſpur. In theſe days, eſpecially ſince the new roads and the new pavements, every thing is done ſo haſtily, an inhabitant of one of the other planets would conclude we have certain information, that our little world is not to hold together above a week;—as the ſailors break open every locker, put on their laced hats and beſt trowſers, drink all the rum they can find, ſwear all their oaths, and make the moſt of their time, the moment all hopes are gone and the parſon pipes all hands to prayers.

WHAT then is the great deſideratum, the philoſopher's ſtone of Literature? A public Conveyance in which we may always be certain to find good company,—in which it will never be diſgraceful to be ſeen; where female modeſty will hear nothing at which to bluſh,—where not only the limbs but the morals will be ſafe. Such a Vehicle we have now the honour to announce to the PUBLIC.

In the LITERARY FLY will be found as agreeable companions as the beſt penned advertiſement ever produced for a poſt-chaiſe. The number of characters, which our friends will occaſionally meet, muſt afford ſingular amuſement. It will be the fault of the PUBLIC if the entertainment of the *Tatler*, the experience of the *Spectator*, the obſervation of the *Rambler*, the agreeableneſs of the *Idler*, the taſte of the *Connoiſſeur*, the invention of the *Adventurer*, in ſhort, almoſt all the wit in the *World*, be not occaſionally found in the LITERARY FLY. Our Cuſtomers will be ſure of entertaining ſociety, will never ſee the ſame Faces twice, may depend upon being always amuſed with Originals, and will never be nauſeated with thoſe two

ſtale

ſtale topics, the Weather and *Politics*. To the prudent Matron we would obſerve, that we promiſe to provide a *Guardian* for her daughters: to the timid traveller we recommend it to caſt his eye up to our baſket—there he will perceive as fair a Guard as ever croſſed Hounſlow-heath at midnight.

AND *we hereby give notice to all highwaymen and foot-pads, otherwiſe wits and critics, who ſhall feloniouſly make an aſſault upon this our* FLY, *in the highways of Literature, that we have given poſitive orders to our Guard immediately to fire upon all ſuch evil-minded perſons, as diſturbers of the public peace, who deſerve to be ſtruck out of the book of Literature. Nor have we been wanting to the Characters of ourſelves or our Paſſengers; we have engaged an eminent Lawyer, who is ordered to bring to condign puniſhment thoſe who ſhall be guilty of any kind of* Scandal *whatever,—particularly thoſe who ſhall aſſert or maintain our* FLY *to be ill built, or badly put together, to be uneaſy, likely to break down, or to be drawn by hacknies or by aſſes though not by horſes. Our Lawyer has orders likewiſe to proſecute,* as the law directs, *all perſons who ſhall feloniouſly complain they have been made ſick by journeying in the aforeſaid* FLY.

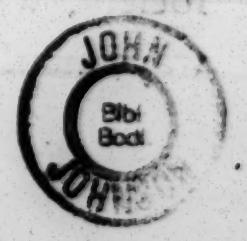
N.

PERFORMED, IF GOD PERMIT, BY THE PROPRIETORS, on Saturday next the 23d of this Month, and to be continued regularly every Saturday.

Printed and publiſhed by ETHERINGTON, at No 25, oppoſite the South-Door of St. Paul's (where Letters, poſt-paid, to the LITERARY FLY will be received). To be had alſo at BELL's, in the Strand; RICHARDSON and URQUHART's, Royal Exchange; FAULDER's, in New Bond-ſtreet; FLETCHER's, Oxford; MERRIL's, Cambridge; FROBISHER's, York; WALKER's, Maidſtone; and of all the BOOKSELLERS in Town and Country.

In London, this Paper will be delivered, according to order, by the News-carriers every Saturday morning; and will be regularly ſent to country Cuſtomers every Friday night.

Ten thouſand of this Firſt Number, with a Title-page to the Firſt Volume, were printed off and diſtributed gratis——*We fixed upon ten thouſand, on the ſtrength of that great arithmetician Dean Swift's calculation, who reckoned "nine thouſand "ſeven hundred forty and three perſons to be pretty near the current number of Wits in this Iſland." So that we made a fair allowance of two hundred fifty and ſeven perſons for the increaſe of this old Engliſh Family ſince the days of Swift. This and every other Number will now be ſold for Fourpence.*



NUMBER II. SATURDAY, JANUARY 23d, 1779.

Post equitem sedet atra Cura.

TO save our literary bacon,
For this day's motto we have taken
A passage from an Ode of Flaccus;
Lest cruel critics should attack us.—
For they, who only understand
The language of their mother land
(And hardly that), are yet ill-used,
Unless they're, now and then, amused
With unintelligible Latin,
Lugg'd thus, by way of motto, pat in.—
All shall be pleas'd. We do but ask
That the translation be our task.

"Care, blackguard brimstone!" says the Poet,
"Behind the horseman rides."—We know it.
But was she ever in a Fly?
No—no—her purse can't mount so high.
Who ever saw her, let us ask it,
O'top, or even in the basket?
What follows then?—For 4d. fare
Join us, and give the slip to Care.—
Survey our frontispiece †—our Guard
Can keep off Care, or sure 'tis hard!

† See the title-page to our first volume, prefixed to Number I.-------The demand for Number I. still continuing, notwithstanding ten thousand were printed off and distributed gratis, a new Edition is now published, Price fourpence.

——— In his brain,
Not quite as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation.——— *Shakeſpeare.*

I.

THE Engliſh find no relief from reflection, except in reflection itſelf; they have no other means of amuſing themſelves; and gaming gives them pleaſure only as it affords them an opportunity to reflect.—This is ſaid of us by Groſley, in his Tour to London. An Engliſh reader is at liberty to aſſent or diſſent, to take it for a compliment or an affront, juſt as he pleaſes: if the latter, he may challenge the traveller, ſhould he ſee good, as Lord Suffolk and Lord Carliſle were challenged. At any rate, the gameſter has little cauſe of offence; it puts no bad excuſe into his mouth; and it ſtands well at the head of theſe looſe thoughts, hints, reflections, or whatever you may chuſe to chriſten them, which will occaſionally be ſtrung together into Papers.——Writing, or reading ſuch trifles as theſe, is almoſt as well as gaming, unleſs you deal in deep *reflections* (*i. e.* play deep), and have a wife and family whom you may ruin by it; then, indeed, you have nothing to do with the LITERARY FLY—gaming will *afford an opportunity to reflect* to ſome purpoſe.

II.

WE cannot ſee to the bottom of water when diſturbed:—'tis otherwiſe with men and women.

III.

IT is not an obſtinacy of reading and ſtudy that will do:—to ſhut your eyes ever ſo hard is not to bring on ſleep.

IV.

WHAT ſtrange queſtions are aſked by children! A girl, between ſix and ſeven years old, remembered to have ſeen little hovering cherubs in paintings, with nothing but heads and wings. "Pray, Mamma," aſked the child, "what becomes of the reſt of us," putting her hand acroſs her neck, "for, you know, we go to heaven no further than the head and ſhoulders."—This queſtion, ſingular as it was, any mother might anſwer. Sometimes a child will aſk more difficult ones: "How do we go to hea-"ven?"—"Who made God?"—"Was God ever married?"—Children ſhould have people about them who know ſomething more than to dreſs and undreſs them. We ſhould never tell children, "It is time enough to "know theſe things yet." All their little queſtions ſhould be anſwered with ſomething more than a ſmile or a frown, a peeviſh reproof or a ſneer of ridicule. Children have good memories. They who have quickneſs enough to put a ſhrewd queſtion, poſſeſs underſtanding enough to comprehend

prehend a plain anſwer: If an infant at the breaſt were to aſk, why they cut off King Charles's head, it ſhould be told.——Eugenius can clearly trace that contempt for his father's underſtanding, which he has never been thoroughly able to conquer, to the trifling circumſtance of the old gentleman's either being unable, or not thinking it worth the time, to tell him twenty years ago, what became of the fiſh when the Red Sea was dried up to let Pharaoh and his hoſt paſs through the midſt.

V.

"THE Earl of Arundel," Clarendon tell us, "lived always within him-"ſelf and to himſelf, converſing little with any who were in common con-"verſation."—What was the conſequence?—"He was generally thought "to be a proud man."

VI.

THE world has heared, and bluſhed to hear, for how much, or rather for how little, *Paradiſe Loſt* ſold. A ſingle copy of *Spaccio della Beſtia triomphante*, the work of *Jordanus Brunus*, a profeſſed Atheiſt, produced 30 l. at an auction in 1712.—It is whimſical that, in his own day, the author of *Paradiſe Loſt* ſhould have been known by his proſe writings, and, in our day, by his poetry only. Many admirers of Milton never ſo much as heard of his proſe works.

VII.

THERE are who moſt laborioſly do nothing in the world; there are alſo who moſt laborioſly do nothing in the world but rail at thoſe who do nothing.—Which do more?

VIII.

—Rouſe yourſelf! and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unlooſe his amorous fold,
And, like a dew drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.—— *Troilus and Creſſida, Act III.*

The pencil of *Angelica* might catch a fine ſubject from theſe beautiful lines —But no pencil can come up to the poet.

IX.

GOLD is hardly ever found without a mixture of other metals. Is it not ſo with virtue?

X.

—"AND ſaith that, if it were put to her choice, to relinquiſh her crown "and kingdom, or the Lord Bothwell, ſhe would leave her kingdom and "dignity to go as a ſimple damſel with him." Throgmorton to Elizabeth of Mary.—So perfectly ſimilar are the ideas of a queen and the ſimpleſt damſel on this ſimple ſubject.

XI.

XI.

Philip of Macedon kept a ſervant, to remind him every morning that he was a man. Darius kept one to cry out, every time he ſat down to dinner, "Remember the Athenians" (by whom he had been injured).

XII.

"You don't know where he lives—do you?"—"You can't lend me five guineas—can you?"—What ridiculous, but, at the ſame time, what common modes of ſpeech!

XIII.

No wonder women poliſh individuals: did not chivalry refine the manners of all Europe?

XIV.

"I can tell you of a ſtrange thing I ſaw lately here, and I believe 'tis "true: As I paſs'd by St. Dunſtan's in Fleet-ſtreet the laſt Saturday, I ſtepped "into a lapidary or ſtone-cutter's ſhop, to treat with the maſter for a ſtone "to be put upon my father's tomb; and caſting my eyes up and down I "ſpied a huge marble with a large inſcription upon't, which was thus to "my beſt remembrance:"

"Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young man, in whoſe chamber, as "he was ſtruggling with the pangs of death, a bird with a white breaſt was "ſeen fluttering about his bed, and ſo vaniſhed.

"Here lies alſo Mary Oxenham, the ſiſter of the ſaid John, who died the "next day, and the ſame apparition was ſeen in the room.

"Then another ſiſter is ſpoke of."

"Then," "Here lies hard by James Oxenham, the ſon of the ſaid John, "who died a child in his cradle a little after, and ſuch a bird was ſeen "fluttering about his head, a little before he expired, which vaniſhed "afterwards."

"At the bottom of the ſtone there is";

"Here lies Elizabeth Oxenham, the mother of the ſaid John, who died "ſixteen years ſince, when ſuch a bird with a white breaſt was ſeen about "her bed before her death."

"To all theſe there be divers witneſſes, both ſquires and ladies, whoſe "names are engraven upon the ſtone: This ſtone is to be ſent to a town "hard by Exeter, where this happened.

"Were you here, I could raiſe a choice diſcourſe with you hereupon."

This curious paſſage is taken from Epiſtolæ Ho-Elianæ. It is in a letter from him to Mr. E. D. probably Endymion Porter, dated 3d July, 1632. Some Reader of the Literary Fly may be able poſſibly to give an account either of this tombſtone, or of the Oxenham family.

XV.

XV.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

Gray's progress of poesy.

The poet was obliged perhaps, for some of these beautiful ideas, to so common and inconsiderable a thing as a ripe plum.—He clearly had in his eye the Roman's "purple light of youth—"

——lumenque juventæ
Purpureum.

XVI.

WHY is a weeping willow so pleasing an object? Why is a spiral fir? —They grow in directly opposite forms.

XVII.

THE Spectator, in the fictitious character of himself, accounts for his writing, by telling us that he seldom talked.—Rochefoucault is known to have wanted the talent of delivering his ideas in company.

XVIII.

IN Rowley's, or perhaps poor Chatterton's, wonderful fragment of a chorus to his unfinished tragedy of Goddwynn, Power is represented with

Hy's speere a sonnebeame, and his sheelde a star.

It is only the astronomer who knows the immense magnitude of the stars —to a common eye a star is more like the wound of a spear, than like the shield which is to defend its bearer from a shower of spears. Perhaps it had not been less sublime, if the rhyme would have admitted of

Hy's speere a sonnebeame, and his sheelde a *moon*.

The epic poets frequently use this simile—Milton's is well known.

XIX.

JOHN FELTON, very probably, had never stabbed Buckingham, if his grand-uncle (John Felton also) had not shown so much resolution in fixing up the Pope's bull which excommunicated Elizabeth.

XX.

RESH, which in Hebrew denotes *poverty*, in Arabic means *wealth*.—So differ the ideas of these two things in different minds.

XXI.

"THE devil take your jumbling coach!" said a gentleman to a hackney coachman, as he gave him his fare.— "And, if he does, you may drive him," returned the coachman, "for Jack Parsons will be damned first."

XXII.

EVERY reader was never yet pleased with the same number of a periodical paper; not even of the Spectator. What then is to be done? encourage the

the paper, it will come to your turn to be pleafed in time.—That table muft be no fmall one which is covered, at the fame entertainment, with the favourite dish of every lady and gentleman in his majefty's dominions.

XXIII.

I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to it: I will enjoy the pleafure of what I give, by giving it alive, and feeing another enjoy it. When I die I fhould be afhamed to have enough to build me a monument, if I left a wanting friend above ground.—"Stop thief! why, Mr. Preacher, this is ftolen—has been faid "before—is word for word from Pope's letters."—Mighty well, fage Sir; and can it be faid too often? or can you fay any thing better?

XXIV.

Death, when he tears to pieces any volume of our friendfhips, fo as to break the fet, like the Roman Sibyl with her books, makes the remainder dearer to us.

Brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not underftood.

Hudibras.

E.

THE Authors return thanks to those Ladies and Gentlemen from whom they have already received matter and hints for future Papers. That they have as yet received nothing of this kind from the North, they afcribe to the unlucky circumftance of the poft-boy's having been robbed the other day of the whole Scotch mail, at Priell's-Bridge, about four miles from Morpeth, as appears by the advertifement from the General Poft-office, in all the papers, figned, by command of the Poft-Mafter General, Anthony Todd.——So convinced are we of the value of those dispatches which we expected, that whoever fhall apprehend and convict, or caufe to be apprehended and convicted, both or either of the perfons who committed this robbery (fee Mr. Todd's advertifement), will be entitled to a reward of *one hundred pounds*, over and above the reward of two hundred pounds offered by the Poft-office, and over and above the reward given by act of parliament for apprehending highwaymen, and over and above his Majefty's moft gracious pardon if the perfon making a difcovery fhould have been an accomplice.——The faid reward of *one hundred pounds* to be paid as aforefaid, without fee or deduction, from and out of the profits of this Publication, whenever the fame fhall amount to the fum of one hundred pounds, over and above the moderate profit of five hundred pounds upon every one of thefe Papers.—And, for payment of the faid reward of *one hundred pounds*, this fhall be your full and fufficient certificate. By command of the Authors.

To the Treafurer of the LITERARY FLY. C. ETHERINGTON.

Printed and Publifhed by ETHERINGTON, at No 25, oppofite the South-Door of St. Paul's (where Letters, poft-paid, to the LITERARY FLY will be received). To be had alfo at BELL's, in the Strand; RICHARDSON and URQUHART's, Royal Exchange; FAULDER's, in New Bond-ftreet; FLETCHER's, Oxford; MERRIL's Cambridge; SHRIMPTON's, Bath; FROBISHER's, York; WALKER's, Maidftone, and of all the BOOKSELLERS in Town and Country.

To be continued regularly every Saturday. [*Price Fourpence.*]

NUMBER III. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1779.

THE SECOND EDITION.

The death of great persons is such a surprize to all, as every one's death is to himself; though both should be equally expected and prepared for. *Pope to Allen.*

INGENIOUS writers have inquired to what causes we are to ascribe that a great and extraordinary man is never seen to stand single, in any age or nation; but that such superior beings constantly make their appearance among us in clusters. This is no time to dispute whether the fact be exactly so; ages before our day it was considered as granted; History still stands ready to confirm it.

OUR earth is not, like the heavens, spotted, here and there, with bright and shining luminaries, to guide and to enlighten mankind. Whole immeasurable tracts are often left dark and dreary, while innumerable stars are crowded together, in a kind of galaxy, so close that they appear to be a stream of light, and dazzle ignorant mortals with one profusion of splendor. We find it to be the same in almost all parts of the world of genius, as in some countries of our natural world: here, in a little corner, are huddled together, into one gigantic group, cities, rivers, commerce and fertility—there, and all around, extends itself, far as the sight can stretch, one level, barren, undistinguished plain.

WHETHER this be especially ordained by an all-wise Providence, or be the natural result of the struggles of rivalry and emulation, we have at present little disposition to inquire. The fact supplies us with one melancholy reflection.—Is it true that the great and the illustrious crowd into the world about the same time? Then must they, in the natural order of things, nearly about the same time, quit the world.—What a scene of real, unaffected mourning! Not partial lamentations for the death of a blood-stained conqueror, over-powered by the thanksgivings of widows and the shouts of orphans—not the sorrows of a few natives of one country for the loss of one eminent individual—but a general shriek for the lights of the universe at once extinguished; but an universal wailing for the friends, the instructors of mankind! A whole nation, perhaps all the civilized nations of the earth, at the same sad moment, following, to the same sad grave, the lifeless bodies of their dearest sons!—Genius, "weeping for her children, "will not be comforted; because they—are not!"

To imagination only what a scene! How must we feel, who, at this moment, perceive it, in all its solemnity, before our eyes! The long-drawn procession of death is led up by France and England hand and hand; war is of Ambition, not of Genius.—Behold the roll of sorrows. Hogarth, Churchill, Sterne, Goldsmith, Smollet, Foot, Lyttelton, Hume, Helvetius, Linnæus, Voltaire, Rosseau, Pitt! Will they never end! Insensibility may recollect the rest, and add them also to the list.—Unhappy France! She mourns too in her Preville the man who now perhaps might steal her from her griefs.

ONE there is whom England cannot have forgotten.—No worthy heart can suffer a man from whom it has experienced pleasure, to quit the world without following him with one longing sigh. The habit of receiving pleasure begets a kind of intimacy; nay—we become, in a manner, intimate with an individual only from being accustomed to praise him, and to hear him praised. The illiterate villain of antiquity, it is true, requested Aristides, without knowing him, to write the name of Aristides on the shell of exile, because he was wearied with hearing him continually called "The "Just"—but the amiable part of mankind will ever be found to acquire a sort of interest in the welfare and existence of him, whom all his fellow-creatures agree to applaud.—While the English reader is perusing this small tribute to the memory of the last great man who left us, foreign nations and distant countries, our very enemies, feel our loss and share our sorrows.

FOR

FOR you, ye ſons and daughters of Amuſement, natives of the ſame country which his genius poliſhed and adorned—when next ye find yourſelves within that manſion where his magic powers have given you ſuch frequent pleaſure—pauſe—repreſs your riſing mirth, check the new-born ſmile. And you, ye children of Grief, whom he ſo often cheated of your woes; who do not come to ſmile—all, all, look round, the mournful and the merry, join in the general ſigh which breaks forth from the multitude as from one body, and aſk yourſelves—

WHERE IS GARRICK?

Alas! he could not flee from Death's arreſting arm through all his thouſand characters!—Have ye not almoſt wept, when the curtain has dropt upon one only of the many parts he played, only for a night, only for a ſingle act? How muſt you feel now, when the curtain is finally dropt upon all his characters; now, when the laſt curtain of Death is dropt upon Garrick himſelf for ever!—Nor does his bier paſs along unbedewed with the tears of all good men. They weep that Virtue ſhould, in common life alſo, have loſt her very repreſentative.

THIS were a time to introduce our Readers into the regions of future bliſs. We might ſhow them the immortal aſſembly of great and famous ſhades, who aſtoniſhed our world in other times, preparing to welcome and ſalute their new companion—we might make them ſpectators of the ſolemn rites of his reception, might command inviſibility to become viſible.—Tragedy divides her crown with him, Comedy embraces him, Lear calls him father, Voltaire introduces to him the grateful Luſignan, Virtue acknowledges her obligations to his genius. The whole aſſembly—But Grief and Fancy are not much allied. Is any reader deſirous to indulge his imagination and his feeling? Let him picture to himſelf, the ſubject will require all his colours, what kind of meeting it was, if ſpirits indeed know each other in their world, between Garrick and Shakeſpeare.

Do the authors of the Literary Fly appear to lament the public loſs with more than public grief? Alas, they have, ſtill, an additional, private ſource of ſorrow! They not only mourn the actor and the man—they muſt lament the writer alſo. Strange, if a publication had not dedicated one worthleſs number to the memory of him, to whoſe aſſiſtance it looked for many faultleſs numbers!—And why is this called worthleſs? The looſe pages which compoſe this number at leaſt, ſpite of all their faults, ſhall be preſerved from oblivion, by that honeſt deſire to reward virtue and ability, which gave them birth; and by the immortal name of Garrick.

BUT

BUT, while we, all of us, lament our different loſs, let us pay ſome little regard to him whom we have loſt, as well as to ourſelves.—A wiſh that a dead perſon were again alive, is generally formed more for our own ſakes, than for the ſake of the deceaſed. In the preſent melancholy caſe it is clearly ſo. Of all human beings, who have appeared in the world, or departed from it, none was ever more conſpicuouſly marked by the hand of Happineſs, either in his life or in his death, than DAVID GARRICK. He belonged to a profeſſion, the members of which feaſt upon their own fame more than thoſe of any other; and feaſt upon it while their taſte and reliſh are yet alive—he acquired more fame in that profeſſion than perhaps any of his predeceſſors in any country, he enjoyed every morſel of it, he was rewarded with ſomething more ſubſtantial than even that fame. —he did not, like a Marlborough or a Swift, outlive himſelf—he heared his whole country, a country of Engliſhmen, agree, for once, in one opinion of his excellence; he ſaw that whole country mourn, when he took a final leave but of its ſtage—and he died, at laſt, in the fulneſs of days, proſperities and honours.——Happy Garrick!

ONE of our greateſt poets ſeems to have been hurt at the idea, that, immediately after his death, "the world would proceed in its old courſe, "and people would laugh as heartily as they were uſed to do." In this alſo,—happy Garrick! The author of *The School for Scandal* paid him that compliment which talents ought to pay to Genius. The very boards and ſcenes of the Playhouſe *, on the evening of the day on which Garrick expired, were made to mourn their loſs; and the whole theatrical body was ſtill and without life or motion—it had juſt breathed out its vivifying ſoul. Nor was this all—the populace who had left their homes in ſearch of entertainment for the night, wept the ſad occaſion of their diſappointment, ſilently traced back their dejected footſteps, nor murmured but at the uncertainty of life.

THESE are circumſtances which ſhould adminiſter ſome kind of conſolation to all who feel concern for the loſs of Garrick, even to his immediate friends.—They who wiſh to have him again with them in this world,

* There was no play at Drury-Lane on Wedneſday, January 20th, 1779—and Mr. Garrick had not any ſhare in that theatre, the entertainments of which were with ſuch delicacy intermitted on the day of his deceaſe. A ſtill more ſingular piece of reſpect was ſhown to the memory of Wolfe, becauſe it was not ſhown by people of elegant underſtandings. The mob of the village in which the mother of Wolfe reſided would not ſuffer a bell to be rung, nor a bonfire to be lighted, nor the ſmalleſt ſymptom of rejoicing for the capture of Quebec, leſt they ſhould interrupt the ſorrows of the great man's mother who marked its capture by his fall.

deſire

desire him to return to a stage on which and on its actors he now perhaps may look down with contempt. They wish to prolong the evening of a life, through which, whatever satisfaction it might yield to them, he must have struggled in sickness and in pain.—But, of what avail are wishes? He cannot now come to us. Let us then, if we desire again to behold a man whom we esteemed, if we long again to embrace a friend whom we loved, render ourselves worthy to go to him. None can hope to be, like Garrick, universal; yet, his first and principal character, the part of a worthy member of community, every individual has it in his power to support.

Is it necessary to make any apology for the seriousness of this? No apology will be offered. The occasion called for it.—And my Readers will not much blame its melancholy hue, when they shall know that what they are now perusing was finished, three hours after midnight, in the mournful house of an intimate friend, whose amiable wife—almost eight months on her way to make him a father; in all the pride of beauty, birth and fortune; not yet three-and-twenty—was, within these twelve hours, snatched away from him, from all who knew her. And, Reader,—only twice twelve short hours since, she looked onward to as many years, as the youngest eye which now moistens at the tale of her husband's loss,

BUT, it is good that we should be led to reflect for one serious moment, as we ought to reflect continually. The time must come when the hand which traced upon paper what you now are reading; when the hand, however faithful or however fair, which holds these pages to your eyes; must lose their functions.——Hear the now mouldering Hamlet—"To "this favour ye must come."

How far every circumstance of female worth can avail to keep a single individual with us, beyond her time, appears but too plainly in the house where this is written. The same lesson was taught the world lately, in a louder voice, by another lamented and premature death of the same nature! Let Garrick prove how little we must expect of assistance or defence against the stroke of Death, from ability, from admiration, from the greatest friends! —As to Greatness; for his departure are thrown open more passages than the folding doors of sickness.—This tribute to the memory of Garrick is published on the thirtieth of January. Go, go, Ambition and Wretchedness —the text is copious, 'twill last you for an age—draw from it your own moral.

C.

To

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE LITERARY FLY.

DEAR SIR,

YOU talk of hints or matter for future Papers. I ſhall be mightily glad to aſſiſt you at any time. A lucky thought has juſt now ſtruck me; 'tis quite novel. Mr. Garrick of the Adelphi, who formerly belonged to Drury-Lane playhouſe, is lately dead; as I ſuppoſe you have hear'd. Might not this be a good ſubject for a Paper? I really think it would. He was a great favourite with the Town, when he uſed to play (I have drawn a line under *great*—if this were to be printed, I mean that *great* ſhould be in Italics). I was then, and am ſtill, notwithſtanding the plays are ſo abominably got up, a frequenter of the playhouſe. I can tell you, as I will, if you approve my hint, all the characters he uſed to play. He was very great in ſome of Shakeſpeare's—particularly in Hamlet, Ranger, and Macbeth. Suppoſe in a dream or a viſion, you were to give a deſcription of the manner in which he was received in the ſhades below by all the characters he uſed to play. I am ſorry my buſine's will not allow me time to dreſs it up for you; but, you ſee my idea; and I dare ſay you will do it as well as I could. I cannot tell whether you know it, but there are many viſions and dreams in the Spectator (the ſame kind of publication as your's), and in ſome ſimilar publications, which, with a few trifling alterations, would do nicely. In the third or fourth book of Dryden's Virgil, I forget which, there is a great deal about the other world, and the Elyſian fields, &c. &c. If you have not the work (which perhaps you may not, being an author), I ſhall be happy to lend it you; but you'll paper the covers, becauſe the binding is elegant.——A própós, mon ami (you underſtand French I conclude)—if you uſe this hint, pray attack Sheridan for not giving us any play on Wedneſday ſe'en-night. He brought me all the way from home, and I did not know what to do with myſelf the reſt of the evening. Do, try and kick up a duſt about this. It was only a trick, I am ſure, to bring a houſe to his *School for Scandal*, which was played on the very next night (Thurſday); and which, between us, is ſad ſtuff, after all. The comedy I ſent him laſt winter would have beat it out of the houſe, I am perſuaded—and that was, at bottom, the reaſon he would not play it, but returned it me, and ſaid it would not do. Oh, Sir, theſe managers are the greateſt ſcoundrels in the world. It was juſt ſo with Garrick—I have a tragedy and a farce which I never could get him to bring on. If you and I ever meet, which I hope we ſhall, I will ſhow them to you. They are by much the firſt things in the world. But, Sir, this country will be ruined, if managers are not reſtrained ſome how by act of Parliament. What are our patriots about? Pray give a juſt character of Garrick in this reſpect—you may dedend upon what I ſay. Your's truly, YOUNG DRYDEN.

P. S. If you uſe this hint, upon no account tell the Public who you are obliged to for it. I very often aſſiſt writers thus anonymouſly. My real name is Peter Peſtle, an apothecary in the Minories.

N. B. It is intended to dedicate ſome future numbers of this Publication to the Memory of the unfortunate Chatterton, and to an examination of the poems of Rowley. Much, the Public will find, ſtill remains to be ſaid of both. Any communications on theſe heads will be thankfully received.—The gentleman, who takes upon him this taſk, wiſhes to procure a copy of the ſingular Will, which the poor lad wrote, before he left the Attorney at Briſtol—the original is ſaid to be in the poſſeſſion of an ingenious gentleman of Cambridge.

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NUMBER IV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1779.

Aut Cæsar, aut Nullus?

To be—or not to be? A count remain;
O'er ton, and taste, and toilette, tyrant reign——
Or basely sink, from Fashion's first-born beau,
To nobody, whom nobody will know?

TO THE PASSENGERS OF THE LITERARY FLY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

UNFORTUNATELY there are occasions in a man's life when to cry out with Scrub, "Oh Friend, Friend! I wish I had a friend!" would be very natural—but then, to obtain good advice of that Friend, poor Self-love must make a cruel sacrifice by committing (to use the phrase of the winter) dozens of private foibles that blush extremely to be seen. At present, in a situation that puts me to death—too proud to acknowledge the conflicts I feel—I would give the world for a little wholesome counsel, but dare not ask it of any one without a mask. Were my internal commonwealth in this state of confusion with vices only; with extravagancies, passions and politics battling it away for the supreme command—if parts and a few cursed clever whims accompanied them—why—one man of Fashion need not be ashamed, you know, to betray such a mind to another. But, there is not mischief enough in mine to give it eclat. Weaknesses—dear, fond (I had almost said, innocent) impressions—formed (and I believe ridiculously preserved) even in the midst of London:—were they known, in my own set, I should be blown to death.

To you then, ye charitable Passengers in the Literary Fly—who must be unprejudiced and may be sensible—to you I consign myself. Let the

 young,

young, handſome Beau, and the honeſt, married Trader, lay their experiences together, and ſettle whether the ſmiles of the Fair and the charms of Faſhion—or the domeſtic Comforts of a good Wife and Independence, be better calculated to make a vain young fellow, with no bad heart, happy.

I am now, I think, almoſt two-and-twenty; and faith! I am not particularly partial, when I call myſelf rather handſome. I am juſt returned from abroad, where I was ſent by my father, who (though in trade) had a liberal turn of mind enough, that I might ſee as much of the world before he ſettled me in buſineſs, as would enable me to mix in it without conſtraint, when my Induſtry had rendered me independent—which he did not reckon me with the fortune he could leave, excluſive of the houſe.

After having ſtudied at an academy, I viſited moſt of the foreign Courts, to which I had the beſt recommendations. I ſettled correſpondencies privately for my father, and cultivated Grandees publicly for myſelf. Milord Anglois every where: The men, imagining my pockets to be lined like an Engliſhman's, were profuſe in their civilities: the women were as kind as I could wiſh. If an idea of the Ledger, which hung over me in terrorem, like the ſword of Damocles, ever intruded, I quickly baniſhed it, and reſigned myſelf to the chapter of unforeſeen events, which would never, I truſted, permit ſo fine a fellow to be buried alive in a Compting-houſe. In ſpite, however, of the ſmiles of the women, and the hurry of diſſipation, one recollection there was which paid me a thouſand viſits; the idea of Harriet Beville. Her father was our neareſt neighbour in the country at Hackney, and, though a vulgar dog, the moſt intimate friend of mine. Our love had commenced at a time when the heart elects, without the judgment's reaſoning at all about the matter. We doated on each other, and I now recollect the old folks ſeemed pleaſed that the Bill of Exchange they had privately drawn up was likely to be honoured almoſt at ſight.

I was ordered abroad. This coſt me ſome tears, and my Harriet more; but the hope of returning to her a finer Gentleman than the Alderman's ſon, to whom all Hackney looked up, was a ſecret conſolation, which the laſt words of her father could but tranſiently check. "Harry," ſaid old Multiplication, "return to England the honeſt fellow you leave it. "Settle in buſineſs, and, if you love Harriet, ſhe is yours. But, mark "me—if you turn a Monſieur or a Don upon us, although I hold the "French to be dogs and our natural enemies, yet, by George! I'd ſooner

"give

"give this Engliſh girl of mine to a Frenchman by birth, than to one by "affectation."

AFTER having ſpent the two years allotted me, on the other ſide the water; I returned to London. Harriet and her father were, I found, on a viſit to a friend in the country. I was truly ſorry for it; but, delighted with the importance of a young fellow juſt come from abroad, the laſt new thing imported, I reſolved to hurry down to a water drinking place, that all the world might ſee me before the Pariſian powder ſhould have blown out of my ſide curls.

BEHOLD me then, ſtepping into my travelling chaiſe, with a mixture of uncertainty, vanity, and expectation. At Naples I had formed an intimacy with ſeveral young men of rank. I had imported ſome cloaths from Le Duc. I had fortified my face with a couple of large boucles, a retreating pair behind them, and a quantity of roguiſh little curlets au dernier. I carried my head with grace, danced well (when I choſe it); but cut the women in general; of courſe became an object; and the man, who is an object, knows not his game, if he be not one of conſequence.

MY hands were preſently full. Lady **** was preſcribed exerciſe for her health. One evening's walk made us quite thick. I ſoon drove her out every day in my phaeton.—At firſt, I was vain of my ſkill in driving, and vainer of my ponies—but, inſenſibly ſomehow, from eight miles an hour, we dropt into a ſober jog; from a jog-trot we came to a walk; and, in a week, the ponies lounged along, with the reins upon their necks, while we talked Sentiment—Love and Honour—the relative Duties, &c. &c. &c. Then we ſtated knotty caſes, what provocations were ſufficient to ſilence the tipſtaff conſcience, while a tender attachment ſtepped in: Boſoms heaved, cheeks glowed, eyes moiſtened—and my Lady, overpowered at laſt by the ſenſe I ſhewed of her injuries, out of mere gratitude, wiſhed I had been her huſband, and talked ſomething, not very unintelligibly, of a continental trip.—We were returning home—I ſtopped the ponies for a minute. But, Harriet, with all her dear charms of innocence and virtue, ſtarted to my remembrance.—Pardon me, O all ye finer men than myſelf!—I did not underſtand the hint, we returned to our lodgings; but—I thank her Ladyſhip for the faſhion ſhe gave me.

ADMITTED into all the beſt company, I and my ponies remained at—, while the ſeaſon laſted, and then, ſhifting the ſcene to the great City, I dreſſed and

hurried

hurried to Harriet. She received me with blushes, and looked the triumph of innocence and love. I repented not that I refused my Lady's kind proposal. But, on accosting the father, with such a salutation as I had found universally well received all the summer—viz. a shambling bow, a kick behind of the right leg, a bite, a smile, and an unintelligible "How d'ye "do"—to my amazement, looking hard at me, and measuring me from head to foot, "Harriet," said he, "it will never do—this fellow takes "himself for a fine Lady. Harry, Harry, to have copied after a nation "of foreigners, would have been bad enough—but to have added to this "the tricks of a set of women!——By my Ledger! you are no husband "for my Harriet."—Saying which, he turned me round twice, ere I was aware, and, walking to the door, took me off, in a stile so natural, but so rudely ridiculous, that, enraged to the last degree, I threw him a look of disdain, and putting on my hat, flung down stairs as fast as the injured pride of a fine man would permit.

But, scarce had I got into the street, when the folly of my conduct, the honest bluntness of his, and the look which had pierced my soul from the fine eyes of my Harriet, all rushed upon my conviction. I turned—and hastily determining to throw myself at Harriet's feet, and to ask pardon of her father, was walking back with a precipitate step when I met Lord B. whom I had left at Naples. B. seized hold of me. "My dear Lewsham, "whither in the name of Heaven so fast, man? To your banker's?" "For the "love of God, Peer, don't stop me, 'tis just here. I'll join you in a moment." "Here" returned my noble friend,—"Impossible!—Blunt and Co. live in "Lombard-street, and this is"—looking up to the corner of the street—"why, damn it, this is Hog-Lane." I blushed scarlet.—"Nay, faith!" said he, laughing, "I don't take it, Lewsham, upon my soul! that any of your "friends are such Bores as to live in Hog-Lane."

What I said I know not, but I know that I absolutely forswore Hog-Lane—pretended to have mistaken the street, choaked on my repentance, and, stepping into the Peer's vis-a-vis, ate my dinner with him at the club, and, in the evening found myself placed at the opera (par hazard) immediately behind my pony acquaintance Lady * * * *. She painted me out to her friend as a handsome fellow just come from abroad—that friend, to her friend—and she to the next. It circulated as quick almost as politics or scandal. The eyes of all the world were fixed on me, and most sincerely, though secretly, did I thank Heaven that I had not made my recantation, and abjured my error at the Hog-Lane altar.

Intoxicated

INTOXICATED with pleasure, I displayed my glass, and, carelessly leaning on a bench, in an attitude studied for the purpose, and not very unbecoming, took a prospect of the gallery. In a moment, among the canaille, I rencountred the sweet eyes of my Harriet, in which were painted—anxiety—disappointment—respect—and, I think, love,—for there was a bursting tear, which the eye-lids could but just contain. I was restored to myself, but the restoration was transient. To join a party of vulgars, and in the gallery too!—I—who had every thing to hope or to fear from this my first appearance—impossible!

I ARGUED the matter with myself, resolved not to see Harriet—and at the same time to give her gentle bosom as little uneasiness as possible by my attentions to Lady ****. I was, of course, shy and distrait the rest of the evening. She called me a dear capricious divil; and her friend gave me a double portion of sweet in every smile, upon the principle, I suppose, of him who pulled off his hat to the statue of Jupiter: "Things "may come round," said he. Next day, and the succeeding days, I was more and more recherché. I thought of Harriet,—and it was with a sigh when I recollected that her whole circle was different from the orbit of Lewsham.

AT this critical period I lost my father. The old gentleman left me a flourishing trade, if I, in person, chose to manage it, and eight thousand pounds only, if I did not. For a moment again this stroke dispelled the fine gentleman. The son only remained. Both gave way to the friend and the lover, when the door opened, and the father of Harriet took me in his arms—"My dear child," said he, "I was too warm. Your wor-"thy parent—but you shall not, at the same time, weep the loss of a wife "and a father. In your countenance I still see my own Harry, and an "Englishman. Forgive the liberties old age will take, and I will forget "that unlucky amble with your right leg. But, faith! Harry, when you "bit me through that unintelligible How d'ye do, I took it for Italian—"supposed that you had been made a count of the empire at least, and that "I should find the order of Merit hanging to your button." He shook my hand, I smiled, pressed his to my lips, and was about to say every thing that the honest merchant could have wished, when Lord B. was announced. But here; Oh let my Literary Friends permit me to draw a veil over this half hour! Suffice it, that I felt once more Hog-Lane all over. The Peer talked away, and, though his language was English, I am convinced my merchant could not comprehend any one sentence entirely. The good man, extremely out of his element, left me with a degree of amazement, which,

had

had he known the world a little better, would have been changed into contempt. Since then I have been a whole week endeavouring to reconcile my wiſhes and my neceſſities. But I find, to unite the fine man and the married trader is impoſſible. Who will flirt in the coffee-room with a ſugar-cane?—Will Lady **** ſit behind plebeian ponies, or dance a cotillon at Almack's with a dealer in rum?—And yet—when I hear of the freſh ruin of any young fellow of my acquaintance, I am tempted to forſwear the great, giddy World. The trembling tear in my Harriet's eye at the opera, is dearer to me than Faſhion, it waſhes away the dreadful remembrance even of Hog-Lane. But a walk in the Park with a Naples friend, a ſmile from a fine woman, or a tap from Lady ****'s fan, turns all my reſolutions topſy-turvy.

Be quick then, my dear friends with your opinions. Shall I become a plodding merchant—a fond huſband—a happy—yes—with my Harriet perhaps, a happy man? Or ſhall I play away the calm pleaſures of life with empty pockets, and a heart in which there is no fund of comfort—worn out by the flutter of purſuits valued only in proportion as their attained end is made public. Reſolve me ſoon, nor fear the old gentleman's reading this: he never imports any branch of literature into his family except politics. Every other kind he reckons ſuperfluous, and only calculated to confuſe the underſtanding, and to warp the judgment God has given us.—Harriet is buſied working me a purſe, in imitation of the French, in caſe I grow good and call for it myſelf. On the Literary Fly and its Paſſengers it depends how ſoon that call may be, and what will be the future fate of

LEWSHAM.

N.B. SEVERAL letters have been ſent to the gentlemen concerned in the Literary Fly, deſiring to have ſome nominal partner to whom correſpondents may addreſs themſelves (our coachman for inſtance), and to know what character he had from his laſt place for honeſty, ſobriety, ſteadineſs, &c. &c.——Our friends will be gratified perhaps in time. At leaſt the gentleman who drives the Fly means to make them acquainted with his character the very firſt moment he knows it himſelf. In the mean time correſpondents may ſafely addreſs "To the Conductor of the Literary Fly." He will take particular care of all letters intruſted to him; and, as Swift obſerves that *nothing is ſo tender as a modern piece of wit, nor apt to ſuffer ſo much in the carriage*, he will engage to ſtand reſponſible at his utmoſt credit with the Public; if his Paſſengers will only be ſo kind as to write upon all their packages of dry wit, "This is wit," that it may be loaded accordingly, as they write on glaſs, "This ſide upwards."

Paſſengers are allowed as many pounds of this kind of luggage as they pleaſe.

*** We carry no children in lap.

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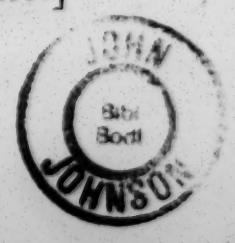
To be continued regularly every Saturday. [*Price Fourpence.*]



NUMBER V. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 1779.

——Cum totâ Carthagine migra. JUV.

Get out of Town then, tortoise Fashion, go—
And bear all London on thy back.

WHEN I turn over any book, that alludes to times past, I am infinitely delighted with the little historical traits which are accidentally interspersed of the Manners and Fashions of the day; that is to say, of the fancies and follies of mankind. It is astonishing to observe what influence that caprice, called Fashion, has, not over our actions only, in which we are obliged to conform to the world's opinion, but over our very sentiments and feelings, which are, or ought to be our own alone, independent of all external influence. How much soever we may place our private taste before that of any individual, we are contented to submit to the opinion, and to see with the eyes of mankind. There was a time, when the hair combed over the forehead, and flowing down the neck in ringlets was deemed as beautiful, and was as much the ton, as the present edifice en herisson. Assuredly the present edifice will hereafter be more derided, than that quaint simplicity now is; for nature still retains a feeble hold upon the judgment, and silently calls it back after every excursion to her neglected footsteps:—on the contrary, there was a time, when a beau was estimated by the magnitude of his wig, and the Archbishop of Canterbury wore his own hair upon a principle of decency. Did a young man attempt such a singularity? He was a prig, as well as a vulgar, and, into the bargain, among the women,—he was a fright. We shall hardly persuade the Fair Sex to be of that opinion a

ſecond time; yet aſſuredly we ſubmit at preſent to as unnatural abſurdities, had we the impartiality to ſearch them out through all our reigning faſhions. The ridicule affixed to every mode of dreſs which has ſubſided is felt ſo ſenſibly by our painters, that they have been driven to tranſport ladies of quality into Arcadia, and to promote enſigns of the Guards to Roman truncheons; a device at leaſt leſs obviouſly abſurd, than a head of eighteen inches will, in a ſhort time, become. Some painters have indeed adopted another method, by taking care that their colours ſhall not laſt longer than the faſhion repreſented.

COULD we have a ſight of every coach that has been built from ten years to ten years, by the then beſt workmen of their time—what a collection of abominations, each as frightful as the other!—How complete, how commodious, how elegant our preſent taſte! And yet each of thoſe abominations has had its day of admiration, nor can there be a reaſonable cauſe to doubt but that our preſent taſte will become, in the opinion of futurity, as paſſé and as frightful as the worſt that has preceded. It were curious to trace the advances, and, if I may uſe a hard word, the derelictions of Faſhion on any particular occaſion.—For inſtance, an ingenious ſilver-ſmith invents a large buckle,—it is new; it ſtrikes the eye, and every one who ſees it, paſſes his private judgment:—It is heavy, it is handſome, it is clumſy, it is magnificent, and ſo on—comes ſome accident, and gives it currency; it is no longer either heavy or clumſy.—Lord how becoming! how adapted to the foot! I wonder any one can buckle his ſhoe without it;—not remembering that the very ſpeaker never dreamed of ſuch a thing three years ago. In a ſhort time the tide will turn again: —Lord, how clumſy! Lord, what a weight!—A coach harneſs, &c. &c. &c. Whereas the poor buckle is a creature of caprice, of no conſequence whatſoever; its additional ſize is no ornament; its additional weight is in no proportion to the ſtrength of the foot, it ſerves to faſten the ſhoe, and ſo would any other.

THERE is another exertion of caprice, which it has given me particular entertainment to trace; I mean the faſhionable and uniform loco-motion of our amuſements, our circle of politeneſs, nay, our very reſidence.—Shall we inquire what can have induced us to this, in one reſpect inconſiſtent, progreſſion; for Faſhion in general, like a hare, when hunted, returns upon her ſteps? I have employed all my learning, though to no purpoſe, to diſcover either phyſical or moral ſufficient cauſes. May we ſuppoſe, that as art, ſcience, genius, and civilization ſeem to have been

been blown from eaſt to weſt, ſince the beginning of the world, by the conſtant winds which ſet between the tropics in that direction; in the ſame manner ſo large a body as the city of London, and lying too in ſo northern a declination, has been puſhed forward, in a double inverſe proportion, to its bulk and latitude; and been obliged, in a courſe of centuries to make the weſtern advances we have ſeen. This analogy, as good as many cauſes aſſigned by great philoſophers to ſolve other natural phenomena, would have been entirely ſatisfactory to me, at leaſt, had I obſerved the ſame principle to hold good in other cities; but in general the people alone have been contented to take a flying leap weſtward, and never, till the preſent inſtance, attempted to carry their habitations on their backs. Here, therefore, we will drop the inquiry, as wiſe as when we began. It may, however, be a matter of curioſity to deduce the ſteps which London has taken on her weſtern progreſs. Julius Cæſar found her, we hope, at Wapping; certainly ſhe received William the Conqueror, where ſhe remains by law eſtabliſhed, in the ward of Bridge within. He reſided in his Tower, and the palaces of his nobles were erected within her walls. There ſtill remain, ſcattered about the city, the names alone of manſions, which once were the habitations of thoſe whoſe titles they continue to bear. King John reſided in Cornhill, where the Pope's Head Tavern now ſtands. This ſeems to have been the firſt progreſs towards the weſt; the ſecond was to the Fleet, which became the ſubſequent town reſidence of our monarchs, while its Ditch ſeems to have been the boundary of London. Richard the Protector dwelled at Croſly-houſe, but continued to meet his privy council at the Tower. Falſtaff drank his ſack in Eaſt-Cheap, where the original houſe is ſaid to exiſt ſtill as a tavern. Nor do I find that any one, before the reign of Henry VIII, had the courage to truſt his habitation without the walls.

THE firſt bold man, who winged his airy flight to an awful diſtance from the vulgar, was Wolſey, the magnificent cardinal; he built Whitehall, by him called York Houſe; but the flight was too bold even for Wolſey. He could not ſtand againſt the envy of the undertaking, and was obliged to give his ſummer palace to the King, who took boat to take poſſeſſion of it, and never forgave the founder its magnificence. Edward VI. of pious memory, reſided by Fleet-ditch, but another magnificent ſubject, his uncle the Protector, would not be warned by Wolſey's fall, and ventured on a ſecond, though leſs remote excurſion;—he built Somerſet Houſe. And when he was afterwards condemned and executed, God knows why, he was ſaid to have been very popular, except that

great

great envy had been ſtirred up againſt him on account of his new palace, to erect which " he had incloſed divers fields, uſed by the people for com-" mon recreation, and pulled down a church." Upon his attainder, Edward removed thither, and gave his palace of the Fleet to the uſes it deſerved. Thenceforth the royal reſidence was fixed at Somerſet Houſe, to the days of the gallant Elizabeth, in whoſe reign, notwithſtanding the above two terrible examples, the nobility accompliſhed in a body, what individuals had been unable to effect. The firſt attempt ſeems to have been to connect by one ſtreet, the two palaces of Whitehall, and Somerſet Houſe, and London with the latter.

WHEN this was done, Faſhion deviated a little towards the ſouth, and the courtiers were then, of conſequence, in proportion as they procured a reſidence in one of thoſe ſtreets leading from the Strand to the River, and blazoned their titles to poſterity in brick and mortar; ſome were contented to give their name to one ſtreet; others diſplayed all their grandeur. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham was not forgotten; his honours were of later date, of courſe the moſt weſterly of thoſe ſtreets became his habitation. The whole quarter was built after his name and titles, not forgetting *Of*-Alley, which communicates between Duke-ſtreet, and Buckingham.

FROM the entrance of the Stuarts, the royal reſidence was fixed at its moſt weſterly point, Whitehall; but the people, though drawn inſenſibly into the vortex of the court, were ſlow to follow the example of their ſovereign, and for a long time were wiſe enough to live comfortably where they had been accuſtomed. The manſions of the great indeed, during the reign of Charles II. began to cluſter round his palace; but the nobility were contented, in the common occurrences of life, to meet their brethren of the eaſt at leaſt half way, and Temple-Bar, even to a much later period, continued to be the center of the faſhionable world. The Spectator mentions the Grecian, as a place of faſhionable reſort, before the Cocoa-Tree, and deſcribes afterwards a high flying macaroni of the day, who appeared with ſilver-fringed garters faſtened below the knee, at the Rainbow Coffee-houſe in Fleet-ſtreet.—The wits of the age aſſembled at the Devil Tavern, as Fletcher, Johnſon, and their party had done a century before; but they were ſoon after borne along with the general current, to a more weſtern longitude. And yet in one particular and very material inſtance, the faſhionable world met their plainer neighbours more than half way, to a much later period; for as we have been told again and again, during the laſt fortnight, Mr. Garrick made his firſt appearance on the ſtage, at the theatre

theatre in Goodman's Fields; there was also a theatre in Portugal-ſtreet. It was not till within our own memory that theſe were antiquated by Drury-Lane, and Covent-Garden; and we have ſeen two new ones, which have ariſen in the Hay-market; nor does it require the ſpirit of prophecy to foretell that many of us will ſee two others on the north ſide of Oxford—Road formerly, being ſeparate from the ſtreets of London. It was not till of late times that the air behind Montague Houſe was diſcovered to be very ungenteel, as well as fatal, in a diſorder that continues to make ſome havoc in the kingdom. The vicinity of the Playhouſes removed the ſeat of wit, gallantry, and diſſipation from the Grecian and the Devil, to Button's, the Bedford, and the Shakeſpeare in Covent-Garden. And here they remained ſome time; while the habitations of our gentry continued to jog on univerſally towards Weſtminſter.—It is difficult to gueſs how far they would have travelled, had they not been ſtopped by an obſtacle which they could not ſurmount, I mean the two Parks. As it was, Pall-Mall became the ne plus ultra of their progreſs. To this place Diſſipation has travelled likewiſe, and here ſhe has once more intrenched herſelf in newer, and more regular fortifications.—As to her two unfortunate companions, Wit, and Gallantry, in the proper ſenſe of that word, they have for ſome time been diſlodged from Covent-Garden; but have had no new eſtabliſhment aſſigned. An attempt was indeed made of late to reſtore that tender and almoſt exotic plant wit to its original ſoil, the Apollo in the Devil Tavern.—The room itſelf continues in its ancient form. I believe the hand of Faſhion, as well as of Time, has ſpared the very furniture. A party of young men were determined to become wits, and hoped, I preſume, to be aſſiſted by the genius of the place, and by the manes of the mighty dead:—great were the expectations formed;—a gentleman from Oxford, who had written a tragedy, was marked already as the repreſentative of Fletcher; a Cantab of the Temple, who publiſhed criticiſms in newſpapers, had more pretenſions to the character of Ben Johnſon. But the Lares were not to be deceived:—the chimney ſmoaked, and threw a gloom on the undertaking.

HUMAN ingenuity is not eaſily to be exhauſted, eſpecially upon a ſubject ſo neceſſary and beneficial. A ſtagnation of dwelling might prove as fatal as a ſtagnation of water, or of air. Motion muſt be had—we could not proceed towards the weſt: declination to the north occurred; and our nobility and gentry have, for this laſt half century, been running a houſe-race againſt each other to Tyburn, and to Paddington. It is the diſtinguiſhing character of this age, to do effectually and expeditiouſly what it has once

determined

determined to do at all; witness the meteor-like appearance of so many candidates for ruin: in the same manner, we have so far improved upon the travelling plan of our ancestors, that whereas it cost them two full centuries to creep from Temple-Bar to Westminster, we have not taken up quite forty years in running over three times that space of ground between St. James's, and the end of Wimpole-street. As this progressive frenzy continues to rage in London with unabating fury, an ingenious friend of mine, who has a large family, and speculates upon the ways and means to increase the fortunes of his posterity, is employed at this time in purchasing, at the expiration of the present leases, the ground on which Hampstead now stands—not with any view to build country houses, or cake houses for the Sunday reception of idle citizens—but with a full conviction that, upon the present plan of rating (I borrow a metaphor from the only subject which all at present comprehend), the summit of the hill must necessarily become the fashionable town residence of our immediate descendants, who will be obliged to rent their houses at the price fixed by his posterity, when Grosvenor Square shall be the receptacle of tallow-chandlers, and tanners. In this scheme I acknowledge myself to be concerned: we have already procured an Adamitic plan, in which those celebrated gentlemen have surpassed themselves. Our principal building is neither to be square, circus, octagon, or gon of any kind. The spiral is now the only line of beauty. We received this information from Mr. Brown; we are confirmed in it by the practice of the ingenious inhabitants of New Zealand. It was a sublime idea of Philip II. to build the Escurial in the form of a gridiron, because St. Somebody was carbonaded; so we mean to imitate, in our most princely undertaking, the volutes of a chief's Tattow, to which, as engraved in Cook's voyages, we beg to refer our Reader, for the ground plan of our St. James's spiral. We have elevations also, for the most part five hundred feet by seventy, charged, as Mr. Christie would express it, with decorations correspondive to the light aërial climate, and with ornaments of invisible magnificence.

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To be continued regularly every Saturday. [*Price Fourpence.*]

NUMBER VI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1779.

AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE LITERARY FLY.

By Mrs. Catharine Carrot, Green-Grocer, at the Colliflower in Cornhill; next door to Mr. Bell, Bellows-maker.

——— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem. *Juv.*

——— I cannot bear, my friends,
A Town of Grease.

OH for the pen of fire, with satire fraught,
Which his great parent Juvenal, when caught
Up into heaven, let drop, and Johnson found
(That and his mantle) ere it reach'd the ground!
Then, to the miseries of a London life,
Another ill I'd add.—Upon my life,
The burning shame, of which these lines complain,
Blaz'd past the bearing of a woman's brain!

OH, how were all but lodgers to be pitied,
When the news came that Keppel was acquitted!—
The 10th, those folk who guide our state affairs
Made us all fast, and bade us say our pray'rs;
But at our house, the 11th forc'd us fast
Five times as long; and made us pray, at last,
That never admiral, of either side,
Fight, or not fight, acquitted be, or tried,

So much did we expend, that sad, glad night,
In mutton-fat (though nothing came to light);

That, ever ſince, we've ſtrangers been to mutton,
And wanted, Heaven knows, clean things to put on! 20
Our long, long faſt, too, makes my babies ſick;
And, oh—the chandler's ſhop no more will tick!

WHAT!—if one admiral another handles
Uncivilly, muſt we burn all our candles?
I care not what vice-admirals may write; 25
But where's the virtue, pray, of ſo much light?
Muſt we, if one man wants another dead,
A candle want to light ourſelves to bed;
Or, peaceful ſubjects, mourn (a precious token
Of Liberty) our pates and windows broken? 30

YET (notwithſtanding all poor Kate's diſtreſs,
This—give the devil his due—I muſt confeſs),
'Twas fine to ſee (and in ſuch fine, mild weather!)
More lights than Solomon e'er ſaw together.
His temple, verily, in all its glory, 35
Was not array'd like Kitty's ſecond ſtory.—
Ne'er had the French, with half as honeſt lights,
To fighting days, oppos'd their flying nights.

BUT, then, the motley mob of chairmen, ſailors,
Bum-bailiffs' freeborn followers, patriot tailors, 40
Of drunken gentlemen, and ſober traitors,
Commiſſioned 'prentices, and half-pay waiters,
Of printers' devils, deviliſh whores, coal-heavers,
With ſticks, ſtaves, ſtones, ſquibs, marrow-bones and cleavers!
—I can't but think it a much ſafer job 45
To mob the French, than face an Engliſh mob.

ONWARD from Wapping rolled, the gathering ball
Grew to a mountain ere it reach'd Whitehall.
Day, ſcience, faſhion *, rabble, weſtward run;
Nor tinge the eaſt, but with their riſing ſun. 50
Had winds more weſterly, in lucky hour,
Unlucky Kate, but fanned thy colliflower,
To threats Right Honourable thine ears had hearken'd,
And daſhing Dukes thy diſmal day-lights darken'd.

OH 'twas a fearful time! Their ſhouts and curſes 55
Shock'd the dull ear of night! To tender mercies
Each individual was an utter ſtranger.—
As for Kit Carrot's ſhop—'twas much in danger.

* See our laſt Number in proof of this.

DOORS

DOORS bolted, ſhutters faſtened, Till ſecured,
Peg ſeen up ſtairs, we ſnug in bed immured— 60
Our firſt kind ſleep ſcarce huſh'd us in his arms—
When, hark! we ſtarted, trembling at alarms
Before, ſure, never hear'd! "Lights, lights, there! quick!—
"Keppel for ever!—Jack, hand here your ſtick.—
"Bob, have a care, thoſe coaches elſe will jam you.— 65
"More lights!—Huzza!—Produce your candles, damn you!—
"Knock down the juſtice!—On boys!—Never fear.—
"Keppel for ever!—down with Palliſeer!"——
Glaziers the windows break, with all their might;
And tallow-chandlers thunder out to light. 70
Each boy his arms, fierce as our trainbands, handles;
And maids, turn'd bullies, call aloud for candles.

WOULD ye had ſeen, my Literary Friends,
The hurry, the diſtreſs!—Foul candles' ends
Wrapt, Heaven forgive us, in your claſſic numbers— 75
Odd ſights, odd ſtockings; broken ſhins, peace, ſlumbers—
Short ſhirts, ſhort ſhrieks; long ſixes, and long faces—
Mothers with child, and daughters without laces—
Women with coats on, men without their breeches;
Grim ghaſtly ghoſts, and grinning ghoſtly witches.— 80
Girls, with a waiſtcoat's tatter'd relicks, make
A ſhift; and boys make fun of the miſtake.
Democritus with laughter, ſure, had cried;
And crying Heraclitus held each ſide.
Dogs bark, and children howl, and freeborn ſlaves 85
"Amaze the welkin with their broken ſtaves*;"
While, my mouth ſtopped with my own coals and cinders,
With my own cabbage-ſtocks they ſtorm my windows.

OUR houſes are our caſtles. So ſays Law.
And Reaſon in the ſentence finds no flaw. 90
Caſtles are houſes to beſiege and maul,
Houſes beſieg'd we therefore caſtles call.
And theſe our caſtles every glazier knows,
Were well enough beſieg'd and maul'd by foes.

OH! I ne'er hear'd (ſo may no mob have power 95
Again to blaſt my blighted colliflower!
So may I find the cap my fright has loſt,
Save what ſo many pounds of candles coſt,
And buy my faſting babes one pound of meat!)
A ſound ſo joyful as their parting feet†! 100

* Richard III.

† ——— I never hear'd
A ſound ſo dreadful as their parting oars. *Thomſon.*

BUT

BUT could one night extinguish Freedom's flame?—
On Friday, too, the trade was just the same.
A repetition of rejoicing woes,
Mobs, crackers, watchmen, oaths, stones, bonfires, blows.
Nor must I all my loss in candles fix— 105
Much, too, believe me, went in candlesticks.
A candle, though a substantive, is known
To want the property to stand alone.
Now, turnips, it was found, did well enough,
For candlesticks, as well as garden stuff. 110
So, in two nights, more turnips did we spoil,
Than, in two days, two families would boil.

BUT, ah!—to think of my concern and sorrow
And all Tom Carrot's scolding on the morrow,
When we attack'd, with fuller's earth and broom, 115
What Taste calls drawing, we call dining, room!
My carpet, double cross-stitch by my mother,
Soil'd, greas'd, and ruin'd, from one end to t'other!—
My middle, best, festoon'd, stuff-damask curtain,
Sing'd, like a fowl; for ever spoil'd—that's certain— 120
And Fashion's fav'rite colour too! The tallow
Has, I am much afraid, discharg'd the yellow!
As for my floor—poor Peg has scraped her heart out.
And still the greasy Liberty reigns pàrtout.
Greece had her patriots; but our Roman crew, 125
Our patriots—what have they with grease to do?
Jack Wilkes and Liberty was hardly worse
Than Keppel, nor to Kate a greater curse.—
Are we to burn, for liberty and freedom,
Such pounds of cash and candles when we need 'em? 130
Then this I know—Kit Carrot soon must wail
Freedom and liberty both lost in jail.

BUT, hark! I can no more—my husband calls.
He has been to market, and cleared all the stalls.
Then, I must serve the maids, and tavern-waiters; 135
And Mrs. Stillborn longs for spring potatoes.
Besides (a plague confound such toil and trouble!)
The Alderman to-day has squeak and bubble.

ADIEU! And now perhaps, sage Fly-conductor,
You think Kit Carrot had some friend to instruct her, 140
Or cabbaged all the poet's stuff you've read,
And the green glories of her bays-capt head;
Because these lines like Kitty's shop are neat,
As her horse-radish sharp, her parsneps sweet.—
Perish the thought!—you lie. Be pleased to know, Sir, 145
I was at Blacklands, though I'm now green-grocer.

Yes,

Yes, and Papa was a ſtock-broker too;
A better man the Alley never knew;
Till, like the ſtock, himſelf he alſo broke,
And our bright viſions vaniſhed into ſmoke. 150
Then I—
But, as I ſaid, I've been at ſchool;
And am, whatever you may think, no fool.
I know the mighty difference between
A ſheep's head and a carrot. I have ſeen
A decent liſt of plays; can ſay by heart 155
Hamlet's ſoliloquy, all Juliet's part;
Was once in training for Jane Shore, 'tis fact!
Would in a fortnight undertake to act
Alicia, give me a good Shore to play to;
And wrote and ſpoke an Epilogue to Cato. 160
For, I not only learnt at ſchool (though young)
" To dreſs, to roll the eye, aud troule the tongue,
" To ſing, to dance *", the doctrine of rope-ladders,
To dreſs up cats in walnut-ſhells and bladders;
Put pork in nice, make ſelf in ſhocking, pickle; 165
Sweetmeats preſerve, or ſweethearts much more fickle—
But to knead verſe, than hearts or meats far ſweeter;
To ſtring looſe beads, or looſer thoughts in metre;
To bid my paſſions, ſpinnet, language chime;
Build to the clouds the cap, or build the cloudcapt rhyme— 170
But—ſo mamma decreed, this merit her's is—
I alſo, learnt you ſee, to ſcribble verſes.
She did not grudge, dear ſoul! to dub her daughter
Tenth Muſe, poor fifty twelvepences per quarter—
To my beſt cuſtomers at Chriſtmas time, 175
I always make out my accounts in rhyme.
Pray, do you read the Lady's magazine?
My ſignature— but mum!—is " Sucky Green,"
Yet, trifles thoſe. I've got, in my ſtrong box,
Two finiſhed tragedies; and, on the ſtocks, 180
" Coxheath a tale"—"A morning's ride to Warley"—
And " Bridal odes" to her who was Macauly.

YES, at the Colliflower, next door to Bell's,
A bard, a female Colley Cibber dwells.
In genius like—oh! were I like in fame, 185
As in the initial letters of my name;
Then ſhould I laureat be, our preſent dead,
And her own greens ſprout round Kit Carrot's head.—
BUT, to retrieve my loſs—for, now, I lack
What would buy biſcuit to the laureat's ſack, 190

* MILTON.

Keppel

Keppel can't, ſure! refuſe recommendations
To Kate, undone by his illuminations.
Don't I deſerve the ſanction of his name,
Extinguiſhed thus by lighting him to Fame!
A pretty tale to tell the King! No doubt 195
Kate ſhall contract to ſerve Coxheath with Krout;
And, once each year, her celery behold,
Without a blunder, ſprout up Iriſh gold.

So ſhall my voluntary lights adorn
Each feſtal eve when Majeſty was born; 200
Fire the dark womb of night; nor fear, in quiet,
To burn their oil out, unannoyed by riot.
Thirteen progreſſive candles in a row,
The thirteen babes of Royalty ſhall ſhow:
Nor hence let paſſing Satire ſieze a handle 205
To typify a province by a candle.—
Nay more—thine arms (gilt gingerbread) Great Britain,
To future times my colliflower ſhall ſit on;
While this full-flowing line my ſhopboard vamps,
Kit Carrot Krout-contractor to the Camps. 210

But, ah! I rave.—Futurity, at laſt,
Refuſes all amends for loſſes paſt.
No Royalty ſhall deal at Kitty's ſhop
For one potatoe, or one turnip-top.
Sour-Krout not even Fancy's lips ſhall ſup. 215
See! diſappointment laps the liquor up.
I taſte but candles, when my mouth I lick—
Candles, without one turnip candleſtick!

Farewel! Inſert me this. And ſend kind Fate,
That all may buy their greens of rhyming Kate! 220
Pray add—we have got a ready furniſhed garret
For ſingle gentlemen.

Your's—

C. CATHERINE CARROT.

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The Literary Gin

NUMBER VII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1779.

Vox Populi, Vox Dei.

"A PROVERB," as that great antiquarian, Cambden, informsus, "is "a concise, witty, and wise speech, grounded upon long experi- "ence, and containing, for the most part, some useful caveat." "A Pro- "verb," says the learned lexicographer, Ainsworth, "is an adage, or "maxim, which frequent use hath rendered common, and on which Ex- "perience hath stampt the seal of Truth." "Proverbs," says the yet more learned Faber, "supply the place of wholesome counsels, sage precepts, "and weighty oracles."

SWAYED, by authorities of such weight, I have ever had the highest veneration for Proverbs; have made a very large collection of them; and spent many years of my life in collating and explaining them. But I was long, and very much embarrassed about the saying, which stands as a motto at the head of the present Paper. I did not know where to place it. It hath long since held a distinguished rank among the host of Proverbs; it is concise, witty, wise; it containeth a very useful caveat; frequent use hath rendered it common; for ages it hath supplied the place of wholesome counsels, sage precepts, and weighty oracles; for ages, men have revered and acted upon it, as a principle upon which Experience had stamped the seal of Truth. So long ago as the days of Tacitus, we learn, that "good and "evil were estimated, not by their own natures, but by the Voice of the "People."

STILL, however, I had my doubts. Though it had been considered and acted upon as true, I saw, or thought I saw, something incongruous.

Much as I revere that moſt reſpectable being, called *the People*, I could not help thinking, that, ever and anon it was ſubject to ſomething rather too like mutability, to have its voice compared to the voice of Him, in whom we are taught, "There is no variableneſs, neither ſhadow of change."

In this difficulty I had recourſe to a book, which for years I have called my Book of Oracles; I mean the very learned biſhop Warburton's "Demonſtration of the Divine Legation of Moſes." A book which I muſt, on this occaſion, recommend to all my Readers. I call it my Book of Oracles, becauſe the tone of the author is ſo deciſive, and his manner ſo authoritative, that he muſt ſpeak from inſpiration. Now and then, beſides, a ſolemn obſcurity ſteals over him, eſpecially when he ſeems as though he meant to anſwer the great queſtion, which it was his profeſſed object to anſwer. Juſt ſo it happened, upon like occaſions, with the oracles of old.

I HAD ſcarcely read a page of this very inſtructive book, when all my doubts were removed. I ſoon perceived that they aroſe from a miſtake. And that miſtake aroſe from the ſame cauſe, as, the Biſhop informs us, miſtakes have ariſen in the interpretation of other Proverbs. I had conſulted only the vulgate tranſlation; miſled by which, I had conceived the original to have ſaid, that "*the Voice of the People was the Voice of* GOD." Whereas in truth, the original ſays only, that "*the Voice of the People is the Voice of* A *God*:" that is, as the learned Biſhop farther informs us, of the tutelary, local, or gentilitious deity of the time, or country, or tribe, of the reſpective people in queſtion: in ſhort, of one of thoſe inviſible beings called *Genii*, or *Demons*, who, as the penetrating author of the Origin of Evil has diſcovered, amuſe themſelves by playing on the feelings of mankind, as boys are gratified by tormenting flies, and men by tormenting animals of a larger growth.

HAVING thus aſcertained the preciſe meaning of my motto, I turned to hiſtory; and there I found, that Experience had deeply ſtampt the ſeal of Truth upon it. I ſaw the moſt profound reſpect paid to the uſeful caveat, which it conveys: I ſaw ſenates and courts of honour; kings, lords and commons, implicitly obey the voice of the ruling god of the time or place, and eſtimate good and evil, as the profound Tacitus directed, not by their own nature, but by the Voice of the People.

THESE obſervations ſuggeſted an idea, which, I am humbly of opinion, may open a new field for the exerciſe of hiſtoric abilities; and which, therefore, I moſt heartily recommend to the particular notice of the M'Pherſons and the Dalrymples, the Ormes and the Robertſons, of the preſent and of every future age. From a careful obſervation of the different tones of the Voice of the People in different ages and countries, the philoſophic hiſtorian

hiſtorian will be able to make us thorougly acquainted with the diſpoſitions and manners of theſe Genii or Demons; theſe tutelary, local, and gentilitious deities, of whoſe exiſtence men in all ages have been ſo perſuaded, but of whoſe character men in all ages have been ſo ignorant. Nor can I help thinking, that an accurate account of theſe inviſible inhabitants of the air, will be as uſeful and important an acquiſition to the political world, as the diſcoveries of the aſcenſion and declination of the ſun and the ſtars, of the motions and revolutions of the planets, have proved to the naval world.

AT firſt ſight it muſt be obvious, that a vaſt expenſe of labour might be ſpared; innumerable jealouſies and heart-burnings avoided; millions of lives ſaved; and dreadful revolutions prevented, by the knowledge of this one fact; namely, What will be the temper and diſpoſition of the tutelary genius of any given people, at any given time, under any given circumſtance? for, knowing this, you will know what will be the Voice of the People, which, being the Voice of a God, muſt be obeyed. Judges and miniſters may thenceforth ſleep at their eaſe; courts may draw up their ſentences without the trouble of hearing, weighing, and diſcriminating evidence; ſenates may paſs their votes without the fatigue of liſtening to tedious harangues; the gall of the patriot will no longer embitter; the laugh of the miniſter no longer inſult; parties will die away; and the ſword may reſt in its ſcabbard;—for the will of the God being foreknown, the Voice of the People will be obeyed by anticipation.

To this purpoſe it will be neceſſary to obtain an exact account of the names, ranks, and reſpective ſtations and juriſdictions, of the ſeveral Genii or Demons who preſide over different countries. Something of this kind has been attempted by Monſieur Le Sage among the French; and, among us Engliſhmen, it was long a received opinion, that this object had been completely fulfilled by our great poet Milton, in his firſt book of Paradiſe Loſt, where he gives us the names and characters of the chief

——" Of theſe princely dignities and powers
" Who, o'er the bridge of wonderous length, from hell,
" With eaſy intercouſe, paſs to and fro,
" To lead or govern mortals."

But, profoundly as I reſpect our Engliſh Homer, the love of truth obliges me to forewarn my Readers, that they muſt not give implicit faith to his account of the world of Demons. He differs in many points from Monſieur Le Sage: he has beſides fallen into an error, which is almoſt unpardonable in a man of his acknowledged abilities. To make himſelf acquainted with the Demons of antiquity, he had recourſe to the authors

of

of antiquity. This certainly was a very great abſurdity; ſo the learned Mr. Bryant has proved beyond a doubt, in his treatiſe on the mythology of the Ancients. The Ancients, as he informs us, knew nothing of their own cuſtoms, or language, or public tranſactions; much leſs can their authors be ſuppoſed to have divulged the ſecrets of the demonic hiſtory. That, as biſhop Warburton informs us, was a part of their eſoteric learning; communicated only to thoſe who were initiated into their ſacred myſteries. It was like the ſecret of the Free-Maſons.—Or, to ſpeak with more reverence, it was not divulged to the promiſcuous auditory of the tabernacle, but reſerved for the happy few who were admitted to the feaſt of love.

To the ſagacity and penetration, therefore, of Mr. Bryant I muſt recommend this part of our aërial or demonic hiſtory; which will certainly prove a very natural, as well as a very uſeful, ſequel to what he has already given us upon the mythology of the Ancients; and, executed in the ſame maſterly manner, cannot fail of rendering that work the moſt inſtructive and precious performance, which has ever diſtinguiſhed any age or nation.

I HOPE this gentleman will not think me guilty of too much preſumption, if, with all due diffidence, I venture to point out to his notice a few facts which may, perhaps, ſuggeſt to him certain data, upon which to build this part of his ſyſtem. I ſhall not, on that account, aſſume to myſelf any more merit than was due to the tree, from which the falling apple is ſaid to have ſuggeſted to the immortal Newton the firſt idea of gravitation.

THE Genii and Demons who have preſided over the eaſt, ſeem, in general, to have been of a patient and enduring nature; like Milton's Belial "timorous and ſlothful;" if trampled upon, they have ſeldom turned again; but, inuring themſelves to pain, have ceaſed, as it were, to feel it. Or at moſt, in the mild language of Belial, have ſaid, "Better this than "worſe."

AND it is wonderful to obſerve how uſeful the knowledge of this circumſtance has proved to the ſovereigns and miniſters of the eaſt.

THUS, very early in the hiſtory of Egypt we read, that an univerſal famine ſpread over the whole face of the country; the king and his miniſter, foreſeeing the event, had provided againſt it; the royal granaries were full. And it was reſolved, in the cabinet, to turn this foreſight to great advantage, by executing one of the boldeſt enterpriſes that ever entered into the heart of king or miniſter to conceive. This was no leſs than to annex to the crown the fee-ſimple of all the lands, and the abſolute property in the perſons of all the ſubjects of Egypt. Bold as this

enterpriſe

enterprise may appear, it was attempted, and succeeded. The people wanted corn; they came to the minister, and, to purchase a present supply, submissively gave him first their cash, then their cattle, then their lands, and last of all their persons. Now it is most evident, that no king nor minister could have dared to frame, much less to carry into execution, such an enterprise, unless, from a thorough knowledge of the temper and disposition of the ruling Genius or Demon of the country, it had been clearly foreseen, that the Voice of their God, and, therefore, the Voice of the People would be —" Better this than worse.'

THE knowledge of the same circumstance has, within our days, been of equal advantage to the Honourable the East India Company, and to many of its immaculate servants. This it is, which emboldened the Company, under the title of Dewan, or Collector of taxes, to declare itself absolute proprietor of all the lands in Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. This it is, which emboldened some of the immaculate servants of the Company to accelerate the accumulation of immense fortunes, in order to carry on, with greater rapidity and more success, the nation's last great trade—corruption. The method was this: they monopolized the articles of salt, opium, beetle nut, &c. The consequence was foreseen; the people must starve. Every thing went on as quietly as in Egypt. The Zemindars, or landholders, gave up their lands; the people laid them down and died in the streets, by hundreds and by thousands, feebly crying—" Better this than " worse."

THE temper or disposition of the Genius, or Demon of England is so totally different, that should an English minister, misled by these events, attempt such a scheme as either of the foregoing, he would certainly lose his head; probably shake the throne. The Genius or Demon of England is fond of eating and drinking; impatient of hunger and thirst. Is there an appearance of want? He descends, and whispers in the ear of the people. The alarm is given; the outcry sudden and general.—" Sieze; " Rifle; Pillage."—In a moment waggons unload, barns open, granaries pour forth their stores. But he is likewise improvident; he generally adds —" Burn; Destroy."—And behold the crackling stacks, and the blazing ricks teach the enlightened spectator, that, in order to create plenty, you must consume in an hour what, with prudent management, would have lasted a year.

THE Genius or Demon of ancient Rome was rough and boisterous. But it was soon discovered, by the friends of government, that he had another peculiarity, which pointed out a certain method of calming his violence. He had an insatiable prurience in his auricular organs: tickle his ears, and you gained his heart; he became as quiet as a lamb.

THUS,

THUS, in the dawning of the republic, the Voice of the People declared the will of their God—" that it was againſt the liberty of the ſubject to " pay debts, or to bear arms." Upon this declaration away went the people to Mount Sacer; nothing leſs was determined, than either abſolute deſertion of their country, or the maſſacre of every creditor and man of fortune in the city. The caſe appeared deſperate. But Menenius Agrippa knew their foible and applied to it. He went and told them a quaint tale about the belly and the members. And behold their hardſhips vaniſhed; all was peace, and harmony and joy: and "Menenius Agrippa for ever;" "Long live Menenius Agrippa," echoed and re-echoed the god of Rome through the mouth of the people.

THIS ſingular turn ſeems to have been the conſtant attribute of the Genius of ancient Rome; as appears from the following ſimile of Virgil.

As when in tumults riſe the ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud:
And ſtones and brands in rattling vollies fly,
And all the ruſtic arms their fury can ſupply.
If then ſome grave and pious man appear,
They huſh their noiſe and lend a liſtening ear:
He ſooths, with ſober words, their angry mood,
And quenches their innate deſire of blood.

HERE again an Engliſh miniſter might find himſelf wofully miſtaken, if relying upon this precedent, he were to attempt to work upon the feelings of the Engliſh god, or to ſtill the commotions of the good people of England by a quaint tale, or a ſmooth ſpeech. Suppoſe it poſſible that any one man could unite in his ſingle perſon, the gravity of Lord D******* with the piety of Lord S******* ; that to this he ſhould add the ſober eloquence of C****** F**, with the hereditary reſpectability, and diſintereſted patriotiſm, which diſtinguiſhed the character of his great anceſtor, Sir Stephen; ſuppoſe, I ſay, ſuch a man, ſo wonderfully endowed, to have been placed upon the pedeſtal, where the black monarch looks with delight upon the two noble dukes, his *natural* deſcendants; juſt as the Demon of England announced by the voice of the people, deſtruction to the gloomy pile of the Admiralty; what would have been the conſequence! would his quaint tale have huſhed the noiſe? to his ſmooth words would a liſtening ear have been lent? Not a ſtone the leſs would have been thrown, not a brand the leſs hurled, not a piſtol the leſs fired; though peradventure ſome of them might have changed their direction.

IN one thing indeed the Genii of Britain and of Rome ſeem to have reſembled each other; both ſeem to have been ſubject to caprice.

THUS

Thus at Rome, one day Camillus was banished as a traitor, and the next recalled to be Dictator. Now Cicero was the father of his country; and then banished by the intrigues of Clodius: now recalled in triumph; then sacrificed to the revenge of Anthony. Now Marius was the favourite of the Demon; then Sylla was his elect. In the morning the highest honours were voted to Brutus and Cassius; in the evening the fickle Demon declared by the voice of the people, that their houses should be fired, and their persons thrown down the rock as traitors. At one moment Cæsar was execrated as a tyrant; and the next adored as a god.

The author of the Independent Whig attributes to the people, that is the Genius of Britain, a pertinacious opiniatreté, which by no means seems to form any part of his character. We all know how quickly and frequently the good people of England changed during the wars of Lancaster and York: how whimsical they appeared under the reigns of Henry and Edward, of Mary and Elizabeth: how rapid their changes from the parliament to Cromwell, from Cromwell to the parliament; from the parliament to Monk, and from Monk to Charles II. Now bishops, in their eyes, were abominations; and Mother Church as bad as Mother Cole, the very Whore of Babylon. Then Bishops were of right divine; and my Lady Church the chosen of the Lord.

I have indeed sometimes been tempted to believe, perhaps because I saw reason to wish, that what I here attribute to the mutability of the Genius of Britain, might proceed from the interference of some subordinate or collateral Genius, with the local Genius of the country. And this I wish, because I think it would be easier to calculate the effects of such an interference, than it can be to divine what will be the will of so whimsical a being as the Genius of Britain must be, if he alone inspires the Voice of the People,

In some nations we know, with certainty, that the voice of the people was dictated, sometimes by one, and sometimes by another Genius. This was the case of the Jews: besides their own tutelary Deity, they were frequently under the guidance of a Genius, whom the Greeks called Plutus, and Milton calls Mammon. Hence it is that in so many nations Jews are employed as brokers, money-lenders, and, in every way, the leeches of the people. Hence Pharaoh chose a Jew to be his first minister, when he had determined on the execution of the noble plan, which we have already commemorated. And hence too it is, that an Ephraim or a Manasses is always the acting financier of the present King of Prussia.

Some late occurrences have led me to believe, that the Demon of Britain, either from necessity or from humour, gives up his people, from time to time

to

to the guidance of a Demon, whom Monſieur Le Sage diſtinguiſhes by the name of Uriel; and whom he deſcribes as the patron of glaziers and oilmen; of tallow-chandlers and carpenters; of link-boys and powder-merchants; in ſhort of all the "voleurs du tiers etât." This petty Demon, like other petty tyrants, rules with a rod of iron. Within the few days he has borne ſway over us, he has ſignified his pleaſure, through the voice of the people, that a tax ſhould be levied ſufficient to have paid the intereſt of one quarter of the loan, which the extraordinary ſervices of the year will demand. The order was no ſooner iſſued then obeyed: the tax was levied without repugnance on one ſide, or remorſe on the other. And paid it has been to the very great comfort of all the good people of the land *.

Uriel, as we might expect from his connections, is ſometimes miſchievous, as well as expenſive. Thus, during the courſe of the two laſt weeks, he incited the people to fire piſtols in the ears of pregnant women; throw fire-brands into coaches; googe with flaming torches ſome induſtrious manufacturers; and commit other exceſſes of as dangerous a nature. But who can complain! It was the Voice of the People, and therefore the Voice of a God.

But his malice will not ſtop here. He is the patron of tailors and drapers, of milliners and mercers. I forewarn my Readers of another trick he means to play them. Should a certain Trial take place, and ſhould the event be ſuch, as, from the preſent temper of the times, there is reaſon to expect,—he means to change ſides; and, hurrying the giddy multitude to the oppoſite extreme, excite them to knock down man, woman, and child who ſhall appear in the ſtreets out of deep mourning.

* Upon a moderate calculation, the late illuminations have coſt the nation 100,000 Pounds. Suppoſing 300,000 houſes in the kingdom, calculating two ſhillings a-night per houſe, for four nights, and that alone will amount to more; excluſive of the ſums due to glaziers, carpenters, upholſterers, bricklayers, horſe-dealers, coach-makers, apothecaries, ſurgeons, midwives, phyſicians, &c. &c. &c.

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NUMBER VIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 6th, 1779.

Noris nos inquit docti ſumus.——*Horace.*

Good Lord, how very wiſe ye be!——*Queen Elizabeth.*

IT has long been the faſhion of the time to celebrate its own praiſe.—Monteſquieu, Beccaria, Voltaire, Blackſtone, have echoed to each other, "This enlightened age;" "This eighteenth century;" and the world has been very well contented to receive as a truth the ſanction of ſo reſpectable authority. Yet, were we to pauſe but a moment, were we, however ſuperficially, to examine the works of theſe very men, aſſuredly the firſt ornaments of the age, whatever it be, ſhould we be more ready to ſubſcribe to the opinion of our ſurpaſſing excellence? We ſhall find Beccaria pleading, indeed, with all the graces of elocution, and all the feelings of compaſſion, yet in vain pleading, for a firſt principle of truth, which he has not had the ſatisfaction to ſee adopted into the practice of any one nation that compoſes his Decimo-ottavo Secolo—except thoſe with whom he had already found it. We ſhall find Monteſquieu aiming at novelty, but led, by the difficulty of the inquiry at ſo late a period, into diſtorted conceits and wild imaginations. The other two are more characteriſtic of the age.—We ſhall find them retailing, methodizing, embelliſhing what has been ſaid before. The one has contrived to give grace to the barbariſms of law, the other to ſerve up the diſcoveries of Newton with wit and pleaſantry; but all that all of them combined have added to the fund of human knowledge, will remain ooo to the end of the account.

I CAN ſuppoſe Seneca and the younger Pliny to have had the ſame ſentiments;—I can ſuppoſe them converſing with each other.—" Cicero " was a great man, had a very brilliant imagination; Virgil and Horace

" were good poets.—There were other men of decent abilities in those " times; but truth, Sir, the investigation of truth, the principles of real " philosophy, the invaluable discoveries which we have made, they had " no notion of them—no just ways of thinking, no exemption from vul- " gar errors:—this is the enlightened age;—this is the period when even " the people themselves are raised above their prejudices.—Your amiable " morality, and your polished eloquence, embellished with every wreath " of every grace; ah, Sir, had the orations of Cicero been adorned as " yours—had his philosophy arisen to superior heights, and looked down " upon this paltry ball like yours, then indeed——but as it is, allow him " some elegance of expression, and you have given all his praise: while " we"——How would it mortify the conceit of these vain men, could they be informed that their very Latin is refused by a schoolmaster as authority for a boy's exercise.

THE situation of these men approaches nearly to our own. I am not the blind "Laudator temporis acti;" but prejudice alone can refuse to acknowledge that our Augustan age is clearly past—so are those of France and Italy; nor are the rest of the world, in this solstice of learning, likely to have any harvest.—It should appear, that there is a certain portion of science which the human mind is capable to bear:—so long as it is overwhelmed with total ignorance, like a new-born child, it lies listless and inactive, as Europe felt it after the declension of the Roman empire, even during centuries.—From the time, when a few ideas begin to play upon the imagination, the languid habit subsides insensibly, till the stronger light of progressive illustration irradiates the understanding, and gives an active vigour to the mind in the investigation of knowledge. The conclusion of this period will always be the season of great men. If the difficulties of the course be at first too great to be surmounted by our utmost strength, yet, like racers stretching for the goal, we spur each other at last into activity, even beyond our powers. A scaffold must be raised before a building can be erected; and, in many cases, the design of that scaffold only assumes, with justice, more than half the merit. Lord Bacon and Galilæo stood upon the very summit of human science, and stretched their longing eyes to those distant prospects, then wrapped in impenetrable darkness, which Newton afterwards laid open to mankind. There is no occasion to pay Newton a compliment at the expense of either of these men; but the fulness of time was not arrived in their day:—Newton saw it, and was glad.

WITH this man possibly we may fix the standard of human science; and nearly in this man's time, assisted by the same incitements of emulation, and

and by the ſame progreſſive advances, enjoyed at the expenſe of others' labour, we may alſo fix the ſtandard of what the French call Les Belles Lettres;—I would tranſlate it Compoſition. Milton, Dryden, Pope, Swift and Addiſon, were no Newtons; yet they too, excited and aſſiſted as has been above deſcribed, approached very nearly to excellence in their reſpective purſuits. The whole world was arouſed: chymiſts and phyſicians made diſcoveries which had alſo eluded the ſagacity of ages; in ſhort, we attained the very criſis I have mentioned, that is to ſay, as much perfection as human ability is capable to reach: here, therefore, we have reſted. Our minds became languid a ſecond time from a very different cauſe, the burthen of our own knowledge. We are placed upon a heigth that makes us giddy.—Conceive only, that a lad who has applied to ſtudy two years at college, knows more than all the Ancients could know; and then judge whether there are many underſtandings capable to ſupport ſo vaſt a ſuperſtructure.

IT is true, however, that there have been ſome advances made even in the nobleſt parts of knowledge. Newton could only point out ſome tracts, with which we have ſince become acquainted; and there are ſome few diſcoveries to which he was not even our pilot; but theſe bear only a ſmall proportion to the aggregate diſcoveries of his æra, and to the portion of time ſince elapſed. In the ſame manner we have had writers of merit ſince, particularly hiſtorians (poſſibly reaſons might be aſſigned why hiſtorians will always be the laſt good authors in every nation, as poets will always be the firſt), yet even emulation has dropped in this inſtance. We ourſelves acknowledge the excellence of our Auguſtan writers, and are loud in lamenting the decay of taſte that we occaſion. I can conceive ſome future pedant who ſhall learn Engliſh as a language, and refuſe to the compiler of our dictionary the authority of his own works in its ſupport.

WHEN we had attained that quantity of knowledge of which our minds are capable, we were immediately ſenſible of its unweildy weight; and the few, who were not depreſſed into inactivity, have turned their endeavours ſince, not to increaſe the magnitude, but to alleviate the burthen by diſpoſition. The diligent have toiled to ſave trouble to the idle, and the laſt chef d'œuvre of human ingenuity was an A B C of ſcience. Here then is a declared ebb.—Will any one attempt to advance the Pomæria of learning beyond the Encyclopèdie? Henceforth we ſhall be employed in diviſions and ſub-diviſions, in ſplitting, methodizing and refining, till our imaginations become as flimſy as our ſubject, and we corrupt the parts ſo totally as to deſtroy at laſt the very recollection of the whole.

THERE

There have been three acknowledged periods, when the bulk of civilized mankind has attained a height of greatneſs, glory, and excellence of every ſort, that has been the aſtoniſhment even of themſelves. It were an inquiry worth ten thouſand hiſtories of the actions of men, to inveſtigate the minute degrees in which they have declined from this ſurpaſſing knowledge, and the cauſes of that declenſion. Nothing ſhould ſeem ſo eaſy as to preſerve an advantage of this kind, delivered to us by our predeceſſors: we are born to the enjoyment of a revenue which the labour of our ſingle lives could not attain. It requires the ſmalleſt degree of application to avail ourſelves of all our wealth, and yet we have uniformly felt it mouldering from us without a poſſibility of preſervation. As a fire, ſtirred and fanned with attention, till all its parts are kindled, expires the ſooner for its fierceneſs, unleſs it receive a conſtant addition of materials, ſo ſhall we ſuppoſe the human mind, ſtirred and fanned by emulation, till it blaze out with more than wonted flame, to require alſo a proportionate ſupply of fuel, greater than it can be provided with, and to ſubſide at laſt from a mere deficiency of ſubſiſtence. There can be little reaſon to doubt but that our fire has ſubſided very ſenſibly: it might, however, be further matter of curious ſpeculation to inquire, whether there is any probability that, in the courſe of a few centuries, we ſhould fall back to that total barbariſm into which the Romans fell, and from which we have experienced ſo laborious a reſurrection.

The art of printing, in particular, has ſtrewed the ſeeds of knowledge much wider than they were before diſperſed; nor can another northern hive ſwarm over the world—but the ſecret, the unceaſing, the ſlow cauſes remain the ſame: our poſterity muſt make the experiment, how far they are equal to the taſk without accidental aſſiſtance. It does not ſeem very poſſible that we ſhould quit our palaces for hovels, or our garments for the ſkins of beaſts—even that we ſhould loſe that excellence of mechaniſm which the world never yet equalled, and thoſe principles of truth, ſo univerſally received and known, almoſt exceeds our comprehenſion;—and yet arts have been loſt, truths have been buried in oblivion even in an enlightened time, even without a revolution. Were it poſſible to efface or to withdraw from Italy the monuments of a happier æra, there is reaſon to believe that the very principles of deſign would be loſt there in half a century; at preſent, with every aſſiſtance of the moſt excellent models, their painters juſt contrive to linger in the rear of European artiſts.

I am led out of my way by this laſt obſervation. Voltaire ſuppoſes four enlightened æras: but the Medicæan age was the triumph of art, not of ſcience: poetry, of the moſt pleaſing kind, but even an artificial poetry,

paintiug

painting, muſic, ſculpture, architecture, with all their aſſociate elegances, burſt upon the then barbarous world at once, with ſuch ſurpaſſing excellence, confined themſelves to ſuch narrow limits, and to ſo ſhort a period as to become, if no complete Auguſtan æra, at leaſt as wonderful a phænomenon.

To return to my ſubject: how much ſoever we may congratulate ourſelves upon our ſtation on the ſummit of human learning, aſſuredly we are already forced a long way down the deſcent.—This very opinion of ourſelves would have been alone ſufficient; when we have attained perfection it is uſeleſs to ſeek any farther excellence: but there is no ſtanding; Non progredi eſt regredi, and will remain ſo ever—nor are we contented to place ourſelves only on the ſummit, we have an idol alſo with which we ſurmount the pinnacle. When men ſtudied Ariſtotle alone, they could know no more than what they learned from him; when we attach ourſelves even to a Newton we muſt be contented to remain for ever under the ſhelter of his wings, and to do exactly what he would have been forgotten, had he done before us.—The vantage ground of ſcience is not the point to be reached by him who would give celebrity to an age, it is that from which he muſt begin; when he has reached it, he is one of the crowd who may give lectures in a college;—his ſubſequent ſuperſtructure ſhall remain his own alone, and bear his trophies to immortality. But we have no ſuch men; we are ſinking faſt into idle diſquiſitions, trifling diſtinctions, and falſe refinements—where will our declenſion end? The collectors of moths, monſters, weeds, and cockle-ſhells, preſiding over our public ſtock of Literature, if I may uſe that expreſſion, afford but a poor idea either of their ability or inclination to increaſe the fund; it is not that we ſhould diſregard what is either curious or anomalous in the productions of nature; yet ſurely there is a ſecondary regard, a regard which ought to pay greater attention to objects more important in their conſequence. Do we pay this attention? ſhall I, without any invidious meaning, offer to my Reader a very ſtriking compariſon? When Halley returned from a voyage of diſcovery, he brought with him many ſpecimens of plants and ſhells; but he brought with him alſo an accurate delineation of the ſtars of the ſouthern hemiſphere, and a chart wherein the variations of the magnetic needle were laid down, and their laws, hitherto unaccounted for, defined for ever.—There have been other voyagers, men not beneath Halley in the eſtimation of their time, they too have brought back ſhells, and dried plants, but they have alſo brought back hatchets, and mourning dreſſes for the decoration of the Britiſh Muſeum.

To

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE LITERARY FLY.

SIR,

YOU have hitherto obſerved a total ſilence with regard even to the amuſements of the day: I am ignorant whether this be deſign or accident.—Your predeceſſors, however, in ſimilar productions, have always attempted to hold the diverſions of the town under their juriſdiction. If you are not determined to renounce your rights, give us ſome ſtrictures upon a practice repugnant to common ſenſe, that has now taken poſſeſſion of the theatres. The diſpoſition of many plays has obliged ſome female characters to appear in the habit of a man. The Iriſh Widow made a fortune by the circumſtance, and, from that time, no new petite piece has appeared without it. The Miſſes Brown and Walpole are very pretty figures, and few male ſpectators would object to ſeeing as much of them as poſſible;—but the managers of late have improved upon the idea, and introduced their female performers into the characters of men as well as into their cloaths.—Mrs. Farrel was found laſt year to be the beſt repreſentative of a moſt diſſolute highwayman;—at preſent, for the rapes then committed, ſhe is upon a milk-and-water penance in Young Meadows. As novelty ſeems to be the object of this device, though purchaſed at whatever coſt, I have only to propoſe an addition to the project, that will, I think, at once be newer and more ſtriking. Let the ſubordinate actreſſes, who are under a neceſſity to preſerve their petticoats, be inſtructed, when they perform their parts, to ſtand upon their heads.

I ACKNOWLEDGE this idea to be ſtolen from Chrononhotonthologos; but we ſhould appropriate good wherever we can find it. The effect at Exeter-Change is too prodigious not to enſure a ſimilar ſucceſs at Covent-Garden; nor am I without expectation to receive for my hint, from the mere gratitude of the managers, the freedom of both houſes, which I beg them to leave for me with your printer. In the mean-while I am their and your obedient ſervant, CÆNEUS.

P. S. Inſert this directly, or ſome enterprizing actreſs may rob me of the credit of my invention.

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NUMBER IX. SATURDAY, MARCH 13th, 1779.

Parva leves capiunt animos. *Ovid.*

For little things have weight with little minds.

AN objection has been made to many ſerious publications of great merit, that they are not written for the women; the objection never was made by one, and I am always impatient when I hear it. There cannot be a more miſtaken opinion, than that women in general are attached to trifling objects. The motto affixed to this Paper, as an independent poſition, is true enough; but a futile mind is the common of both genders, and does not wear more caps, than periwigs. When a young man has laid in his ſtock of learning for life, and is turned looſe upon the world from college, the appearance of pedantry is his greateſt fear, and his firſt object to avoid the imputation of it; of courſe he is careful to hide the little knowledge he may poſſeſs; and affects to reduce himſelf to the level of the multitude. Such a young man is moſt likely to ſeek the company of women, and to ſolicit their approbation; but he begins to act upon this erroneous principle, and continues till it becomes ſo far confirmed by habit, that he transfers his own affectation of trifling, to a ſuppoſed neceſſity for it on the part of his fair aſſociates. I have known many men well informed, and of good ſenſe in the company of men, who talk to a circle of women of condition as to ſo many babies, and who make themſelves abſolute idiots upon a principle of mere civility; whereas I would venture to aſſure them, that there is no qualification, not beauty, courage, nor even almighty Faſhion, which prevails ſo far with the fair, as an opinion of a man's underſtanding.

INTRODUCE a modern Bel-esprit to a sensible woman; she does not like him; why? he treats her so like an idiot. It is a paltry pride which is instilled into us lords of the creation from our very cradle, to arrogate to ourselves all superiority, and to be as much wiser, as we are stronger.—A woman in general has a livelier fancy, and a more discerning taste, than a man; if she want any thing, it is patience—but patience is an art attained by habit, and counteracted by the very education we bestow upon them. It should seem that we desire to make them triflers. Is a book eloquent, learned, wise? it is not fit for women. Has a girl a tendency to any science? she should not think of such things. Do we condescend to write any thing for the ladies? it is the history of Miss Lucy Sidney, or Miss Sidney Biddulph. Why is Locke's Essay less proper for the perusal of a woman than Sir Charles Grandison? had I the honour to be of the fair sex, there is no offence for which I would not sooner forgive a man, than the premeditated malice of writing nonsense to me; yet there is no offence of which we are all so apt to be guilty. I hardly ever saw a book dedicated expressly to the ladies, to whose title I have not longed to add "of ten years and under." I have seen one exception. The following letter was really written to a lady with no view to publication; it has since been handed about the west end of the Town in manuscript; the Editor of this Paper was lately indulged with a copy, and with permission to present it to the Public.

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY,

WHO HAS RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY.

Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila Cæli
Adventumque tuum, tibi suaves Dædala tellus
Producit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti. *Lucretius.*

Thee, Goddess, thee the winds and clouds obey,
Seas lose their rage, and tempests melt away;
Thy sacred presence fructifices the earth,
And quickens tardy nature into birth.

IN days of ancient fame, when dames well bred
Extended not above a yard of head;
When maids of honour breakfasted on ale,
And wore no guard but virtue to their tail;
A nymph like ANNA, might have graced the plain, 5
O'er willing subjects fix'd her gentle reign;
And of a Baron bold the beauteous bride
Maintain'd her little court in rustic pride;

And

And taught advent'rous youths to ſeek renown,
Her eyes their prompter, and her ſmile their crown. 10
But for a nymph, in theſe degenerate days,
A nymph like ANNA to withdraw her rays,
Shun the bright circles of the gay and great,
The throb of pleaſure, and the glare of ſtate;
And to a dreary wilderneſs remove, 15
Is downright treaſon in the courts of love.
Ill fated Dame; what demon could prevail
To baniſh thee to pudding, beef and ale?
ANNA was formed to breathe St. James's air,
And reign the firſt and faireſt of the fair, 20
Surrounded by admiring crowds to move
Highprieſteſs in this paradiſe of love.
Return, deluded nymph, to life return,
New ſlaves ſhall ſerve thee, and new incenſe burn;
Almighty Faſhion ſhall attend thy throne, 25
Thy word her mandate, thy caprice the Ton.
The various dame ſhall dare, at thy command,
To take neglected genius by the hand;
Dare to ſtand forth on injured nature's ſide,
Then only ſafe, when nature is her guide; 30
Meaſure invention's merit by its uſe,
Deem miſplaced ornament the worſt abuſe;
Keep wealth and whim and novelty in awe,
And fix good ſenſe the ſtandard of her law.

So ſhall no gew-gaw colonnades be placed 35
Along the high-road to infect our taſte;
No teleſcopic freeze at vaſt expenſe
Diſplay inviſible magnificence;
But one true taſte through every pile ſhall reign
Adapted graceful, uniform and plain; 40
And in each varied labour of deſign
Magnificent ſimplicity ſhall ſhine.

No more the trembling ſwain ſhall be affrayed
By the bright plumage of his martial maid,
No new pagodas from the hair ſhall riſe, 45
Coaches ſhall dwindle to their ancient ſize;
Carrots and greens their wonted place reſume,
And for the kitchen quit the dreſſing room;
While plain in neatneſs, to proportion true,
Women who hope to pleaſe, ſhall copy you. 50

AWED by thy frown all follies ſhall decay,
And Britain's locuſts all be ſwept away:
French milliners, French dancers, and French plays,
French barbers, French coſmetics, and French ſtays;

Theſe ſhalt thou rout, and in their place import
A few French faſhions of a better ſort;
Their courteſy, that poliſh undefined,
So prevalent to humanize the mind,
All that at once is elegant and chaſte,
Their cheerful temper, and their gayer taſte;
Thou ſhalt avoid their faults, adopt their arts,
Ingraft their manners, but retain our hearts.

NOR ſhall my faireſt Queen reform alone
The errors and caprices of the Ton;
Thoſe arts which every gentler breaſt engage,
The laſt fine efforts of a poliſh'd age,
Arts taught by taſte and genius to excel,
Who elſe ſhall exerciſe, or praiſe ſo well?
The ſiſter Muſes proſtrate, as is meet,
Shall lay their joint productions at her feet,
And, foſtered as they are, through Britain's iſle,
Shall feel their praiſes, hallowed by her ſmile;—
Reynolds and Weſt ſhall in her ſuit appear,
Stubs, Wright and Gainſborough new honours bear:
Yet ſhall her gentle boſom more delight,
To becken humbler genius into light;
Tranſpierce obſcurity's diſheartening gloom,
And cheriſh merit in its earlieſt bloom.
The artiſt band ſhall brigue the glorious place
To paint the Queen of beauty and of grace.
Luxuriant fancy Coſway ſhall beſtow,
More poliſh'd elegance ſhall Meyers ſhow;
Reynolds his chaſte, yet animate deſign,
Weſt's Grecian figure, Gainſborough's juſter line:
Yet ſhall my ANNA's well-directed choice,
To genius true, correct the public voice;
The victor palm to modeſt Peters give;
She ſhall bid him, and he ſhall make her live—
True to each feature, his emboldened ſtroke
Shall emulate her animated look;
In mimic colours multiply her face,
And fix immortal beauty, youth and grace.
O might he paint thee—paint thee as he wou'd,
There were a portrait, ANNA—fleſh and blood,
All fleſh and blood, but thine ſhould yield the ſtrife,
And the warm canvas boaſt ſuperior life.

THE long neglected ſculptor ſhall expreſs
Thy poliſh'd figure in a marble dreſs;
With patient toil his rugged art eſſay,
And follow as thy taſte directs the way;

His

His weary labours with thy praiſe beguile,
And learn to ſoften marble by thy ſmile,

THE happier members of the choral throng,
Who guide the inſtrument, or raiſe the ſong,
Are placed by faſhion under milder laws, 105
Their art is eaſier, greater their applauſe.
Cold is the heart which muſic will not fire,
And deſtitute of elegant deſire;—
A charge ſo mean, thy tender breaſt defies,
Compos'd of gentleſt ſenſibilities. 110
Yet ſhall not thou their eſtimation raiſe,
But ſtrive to moderate exceſſive praiſe:
Muſic, at firſt, by indolence was taught,
To aid and entertain ſuſpenſe of thought;
Yet doth it pleaſe, and artiſts who excel, 115
Not without juſtice, are rewarded well.
But fiddlers were not made to roll in ſtate,
To live the ſole companions of the great;
To ſhoulder genius from its due regard,
And to themſelves appropriate all reward. 120
Nor do the audience of a feeling heart
Act, under faſhion, a conſiſtent part,
Who die to ſenſeleſs harmony, and ſit
Unmoved by poeſy, unpleas'd by wit.
From thee true wit ſhall higher honours claim, 125
The real bard aſſumes ſuperior fame.

NATURE and fancy to the bard ſupply
An inexhauſtible variety.
Yet all that fancy and creation yield,
Shall not ſuffice to arm him for the field, 130
The field of tournament—where he ſhall run
His glorious courſe triumphant, though undone.
The bard was deſtined by the ſame decree
To live the ſlave of poeſy and thee;
To cull creation's beauty is his care, 135
Canſt thou be overlooked, the largeſt ſhare;
Or can he portray, and not feel thy charms;
Or can he feel their weight, nor wiſh to yield his arms.

THROUGH Nature's ſweets love taught the bard to rove,
And poeſy muſt ſtill attend on love. 140
Not that quaint ſtyle which courtly praiſes meets,
Doats on a turn, and lives but in conceits;
Such as Italian metaphyſic maids
Vent to their paſte-board lambs in opera glades;
Nor that ſtuff ſentiment, ſo long our pride, 145
Which Ton at laſt permits us to deride—

But

But that true poesy, untouch'd by art,
Which flows alone from nature and the heart;
Such as a love-sick maiden would delight,
And such as Hammond only knew to write. 150
Yet such as ANNA's eyes, did she approve,
Must in a humbler bard extract from love;
And were that bard by other beauties fired,
ANNA should praise the strain she has inspired.

ILL fated Peters, to the form confined, 155
Or but to catch some glimmering of the mind;
Ah! could thy pencil, like his pen, be taught
To portray genius and embody thought;
Yet had the treasures of my ANNA's heart
Thy labour foil'd, and wearied all thy art: 160
While the rapt bard, aspiring to his theme,
Lull'd in the Muses' choicest bowers shall dream;
Wander the bees, and nightingales among,
Joy on his brow, and honey on his tongue:
Through every grove, in each sequester'd vale, 165
By every stream, repeat his wondrous tale;
Till the woods ring, responsive to his lyre,
Pregnant with genius, nature, taste and fire;
And ANNA be obliged his claim to own,
Smile his admission to the laurel crown, 170
Cherish his Muse's flight, accept his lays,
Correct his errors, and give all his praise.

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NUMBER X. SATURDAY, MARCH 20th, 1779.

Si eæ literæ non fuêrunt diſertæ, ſcito meas non fuiſſe. Ut enim Ariſtarchus Homeri verſum negat, quem non probat; ſic tu (libet enim mihi jocari) quod diſertum non erit, ne puteris meum eſſe. *Cicero. Epiſt. fam. lib.* III. 11.

N. B. Lovers and huſbands are deſired to tranſlate for the ladies, and the parſon of the pariſh for the country gentlemen.

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE LITERARY FLY.

SIR,

YOUR dedicating a number to the memory of Garrick was a well-judged compliment. Some ill-natured readers, indeed, aſked why there was ſo much fuſs about a player? But Genius, as I take it, is of no particular profeſſion, any more than of a particular nation. You did not bury him with all the pomp of Royalty—you only beſtowed one of your numbers on his memory. When I read your third paper, I immediately recollected that Betterton and Wilks (great names in theatrical Hiſtory) both died in the days of Pope. It was true, I could not turn to a ſingle paſſage in Pope's poetical works, which embalmed either of their memories. It ſtruck me, however, that the letters of him who wrote the "Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate young Lady," might contain ſome tender ſentiment on the circumſtance of their deaths. Eſpecially as of thoſe private letters many, if not all, were, I am perſuaded, obligingly written for the public.

FULL of this expectation I gave myſelf the trouble to ſearch Pope's letters. How my ſearch was rewarded I will leave you to judge.—In the poſtſcript of a letter to H. Cromwell, Eſq. dated May 17, 1710, he writes thus—— "P. S. This letter of deaths puts me in mind of poor Betterton's; over "whom I would have this ſentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will "ſerve him as well in his moral, as his theatrical character—*Vitæ bene "actæ jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.*"—A letter to Gay, dated October 2, 1732, contains the following paſſage—"The death of Wilks leaves Cibber with-"out a colleague, abſolute and perpetual dictator of the ſtage."

THE latter extract proves little more than that Wilks was dead, and that Pope was acquainted with the Roman hiſtory.

To the former I have the greater objection to offer, because I believe Betterton was the more popular player of the two—because it was written at a time of life when our feelings, if we have any feelings, are all on tiptoe—because he is *put in mind* of the death of a person, upon whom, at the same time, he bestows an epithet of concern and tenderness *(poor!)*—because the very panegyric, which he does vouchsafe him, is a tacit reproach on the writer for not saying more; since the man, whether a player, a prince, or a poet, who deserved that, deserved every thing which Feeling or Ability could add—because even this panegyric is just recollected and popped into a P. S. as the unnatural father remembers his child in a codicil to his will—and, lastly, I cannot bear it, because, after all, the boyish letter-writer seems only to have made this niggardly mention of *poor* Wilks, in order to apply his common-place quotation by way of Epitaph; which, I am told, whatever be the original merit of the thought, is to be found in the mouth of every school-boy, who has been whipped through his Latin grammar.

In the same profession, in the same crowded path of life, there is too much running and pushing and struggling, Heaven knows, for an individual to bestow a single sigh upon the fall of a competitor; even though he should not thank Fortune, as he passes over him in the race of Fame. Yet, let us remember that all, who outstrip their companions in any path, are descended from one common parent—No plates are won but by those who boast a kindred pedigree.—Genius should be justified of all her children.

In return for the satisfaction which Pope has *not* afforded me, I would, without the least ill will for all he has said of my sex, apply to him two of his own lines; notwithstanding the affection *he* tells us he had for his mother.—

With every pleasing, every prudent, art;
Say what the poet wants? He wants a heart *.

Yours, &c. No Cloe.

To the Conductor of the Literary Fly.

Sir,

Returning home this morning, somewhat later than the economy of good hours requires, I perceived, as the phrase is, the element all on fire toward the east. Pall-Mall was perfectly illuminated. Night retired before the artificial noon. I began to suspect that the festive powers of my friends had been more than usually magical.

Doubt did not long remain about the occasion of this phenomenon. It was clearly a dreadful fire. My friend and I agreed to bend our courses to it. Nor was it Cruelty who led us by the hand. "*Suave* mari magno," were not exactly the words we used, to describe our motive. Our absence, we thought, could little contribute to extinguish the flames; nor could a a spectator or two the more cause them to rage with more fierceness. We did not go to fiddle.

Every step we took, the blaze increased upon us. At the turn or bend of every street we concluded we should come in sight of the still distant

* With every pleasing, every prudent, part;
Say what can Cloe want? She wants a heart. *On the Characters of Women.*

object

object——like the firſt created beings who thought they ſhould catch the flaming ſun at the top of every ſummit. We ſeemed now to hear the crackling devaſtation, to feel its heat.—We quickened our pace. We diſtinguiſhed the ſudden ſhriek of horror, the dying groan of deſpair. But, at the New bridge, we found how much we had been indebted to Fancy. The fire was on the other ſide of London bridge. The ſpectacle was moſt dreadfully magnificent. An immenſe body of fire—The whole river reflecting a noon-day ſplendor, far as the eye could reach—half thy dome, St. Paul's, and half thy temple's grandeur, viſible—gilded ſpires, ſun-tipt ſteeples—veſſels, with all their ſeparate ropes, accurately diſtinguiſhable—the minutiæ of things, by the eye of day unſeen, now delineated on the retentive tablet of night with the exactneſs of an Albert Durer—the perſpective through the arches of London bridge—the back ground of darkneſs—Imagination, with her ready pencil, filling up theſe glowing outlines with life's worſt woes.——We haſtened onward.

THE clock ſtruck three. Curioſity or humanity or apprehenſion filled almoſt every window. At London bridge the ſcene was ſtill more awful. Now we more than fancied ourſelves to hear the crackling flames and ſhrieking ſufferers. We got into a boat—we advanced upon the burning lake—we were angry with ourſelves for feeling involuntary ſenſations of comfort from the warmth of that fire which was conſuming the property, perhaps the lives, of hundreds. The ſcene was—Humanity cannot find a word he likes. It was a ſtudy for a Salvator Roſa, had this been his favourite ſubject. But what have our own times done that we ſhould paſs them by. Wright would never have quitted the ſcene. Yet had even Wright's natural pencil endeavoured to preſerve it, we ſhould have deemed it out of Nature. The burning, fiery furnace—floating ſhips of fire—a river of ſmoaking water, confined on one ſide by a lenthening ſhore of flame—a continual rain of burning cinders, lighted hemp, half-burnt bits of timber—the air, odd as may appear the only apt compariſon, affording exactly the appearance of an immenſe, obſcurely-lighted, vault, filled with little floating ſcraps of tinſel and gold leaf. Never again may ſuch a ſcene exiſt except on the canvaſs of Wright!

THE inſatiable tyrant, whoſe countenance no eye might behold, ſcooped out whole houſes and warehouſes, while the ſhuddering ſpectator did but turn his head; licked up whole ſtreets in his rage.—Among all the ſenſations of all the ſpectators, few could be more really painful than thoſe of him, who, ſtanding in a boat, lamented that there ſhould be immediately at hand ſo much of that with which fire is moſt effectually extinguiſhed, and yet in vain at hand. If one human tear had dropped on the reflection, might it not be forgiven?

FOR the dulneſs of this deſcription, my want of ſleep muſt plead excuſe. I brought home with me more ſubjects for meditation than ſuit with ſleep. Let us all meditate on this and the other calamities of life after one faſhion at leaſt—Let us thank God that we are not like others in their ſufferings, and ſo live as not to deſerve ſuch ſufferings.

A NOBLEMAN in the reign of Charles II. ſtudied fires as much as it can be now the faſhion to ſtudy executions. He lamented perhaps that he did not live in the days of the city with the *odious* name. He certainly

kept

kept his horſes ready ſaddled, and was as much prepared againſt an alarm of fire, as a cautious trooper againſt an alarm of an enemy. Moſt fortunately a ſhocking fire happened in London while he was in town. Charles, when he heard of it, aſked if this ſalamander Lord was ſo happy as to be there. His Majeſty was told that his Lordſhip had been there on horſeback for above two hours, waiting for it in trembling expectation.—You may poſſibly do me the honour to ſuſpect that I am deſcended from this amiable and noble family. Nothing leſs, believe me. I am only

Tueſday morning nine o'clock, March 16th.

your well-wiſher, OBSERVATION.

Pauciſſima in tam numeroſâ gente adulteria, quorum pœna præſens, et maritis permiſſa. Acciſis crinibus, nudatam coram propinquis expellit domo maritus; ac per omnem vicum verbere agit. Publicatæ enim pudicitiæ nulla venia—non formâ, non ætate, non opibus, maritum invenerit. Nemo enim illic vitia ridet; nec corrumpere et corrumpi ſæculum vocatur.

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE LITERARY FLY.

SIR.

AS often as I have had the pleaſure to travel with you, I have not obſerved you once ſtop your Literary Vehicle in order to comment upon the vices of our days, as they paſſed you in the ſtreet or on the road. Have you nothing to ſay, Sir, either pleaſant or ſerious, of and concerning this prolific age of ſeparate maintenance and divorce? can you give us no reaſon why the times ſhould be full as profligate now, when we have the moſt conjugal of all our monarchs on the throne; as under a diſſolute Charles, who acknowledged almoſt a baker's dozen of natural children?

THE court of the monarch, it ſhould ſeem, has more influence on the language and politeneſs, than on the morals of his people.—The virgin reign of Elizabeth does not appear to have been particularly marked by the cold hand of chaſtity. Nor did the kingdom follow the amiable example of her royal anceſtor, the eighth Henry, in divorce and murder.—Poſterity will not gather from the hiſtory of the morals of the preſent period, that we were governed by George the Third, much leſs by Charlotte.

IT might be inquired too, perhaps, at the ſame time, why chaſtity is more a female than a male qualification—and that, in a greater proportion almoſt than the certainty of our children requires. If a father has a right to expect that children of his own, ſhould inherit fortunes of his own, getting; has a mother no right to demand health and vigour and a good conſtitution for her ſon or her daughter? eſpecially ſince even modern ingenuity has not yet invented any method of a lady's having children, without really being a mother.

BUT, for ſome reaſon to which I am a ſtranger, the good-natured females of the eighteenth century exact no ſuch chilling virtues from our ſex, either before or after marriage. Even among our married women we have ſeen but one ſolitary veſtal (and hiſtory will do juſtice to her Ladyſhip's fame), whoſe purity, chaſte as the icicle which hangs on Dian's Magdalen in St. George's Fields, revolted at the idea of contaminated embraces —who has nobly dared to hold up her faithleſs Lord and huſband to the utter abhorrence of all good men and true.

ONE

ONE thing is certain—in the present golden age, every husband and wife ought to be happy together; since, if they find that they originally made a mistake in marrying; if they discover, which every now and then will be the case, that the match was not made in heaven, as it was on earth;—away immediately to Doctor's Commons, with more devotion and religious gratitude than formerly to church—they have no one thing in the world to do but to unmarry again, and each to try some other partner. A slip knot is now the only fashionable true-lover's knot in matrimony. Wives, like mohogany tables if not out of fashion, are the better for being second hand, and having been a good deal used; or they are, like horses, more valuable for having been in the manage. Or our wives think that second husbands, like second thoughts, are best.—The Cobler sells his wife for half a crown and a mug of ale, and delivers her up to the purchaser with a halter about her neck, and a "much good may she do you!" The Lord begs his footman to have the goodness to be detected with my Lady, that he may get rid of a brimstone, and that she may marry a Duke. As a courtier makes a fortune by putting a harmless white silk leg into the bed of his royal master's future queen; so are there, I am assured, good-natured men who live by affording evidence for divorces; and establish their own reputations by assisting ladies to destroy theirs.

OF these divorces it is impossible to ascribe the multiplicity to any negligence in our legislators; for, on the second reading of a divorce bill, the House of Lords is always more crowded by members young and old, of all sorts and sizes, than on the most interesting American debate. And more attention is given to the evidence, than was ever paid to the eloquence of a Chatham. The circumstantial detail of a curious waiting maid shall command longer and more noble ears, than an Athenian harangue which lays bare the nakedness of our enemies, or the danger of standing forces. So convinced are the virtuous Lords that private morality, is the surest foundation of public felicity.

WE are told by the author from whom I have borrowed the motto to my letter, whose elegance must make amends for my dulness, that "among "a people so numerous, adultery was most uncommon:" but then, it seems, "the punishment was always at hand, and in the hand of the "cuckold. The lady was stripped stark naked, exchanged her bridal "for her birthday suit; and, before all her family, was turned out "of her husband's house; who allayed his own injuries, and his wife's "passions, by whipping her through the whole neighbourhood. Her "infamy, thus published, could never expect pardon—no beauty, no "youth, no title, no wealth, could procure her another husband."—From two or three trifling parts of this picture we may clearly perceive it to be no very modern composition. It was done from the life many, many hundred years ago; and, as the Chesterfields of this polished age would imagine, not on the banks of the Seine, not by any elegant pupil of the Gallic school. Boorish Germany afforded the subject to the artist.

IF any Reader should think of transplanting this Gothic custom into England, he ought to be flogged himself for a fool. What a sight, Sir! a noble member of the upper house of parliament disciplining his right honourable adulteress from Grosvenor Square to Tavistock street, and there

there leaving his lacerated and guilty Godiva to get her nakedneſs new rigged at her leiſure. Her ladyſhip, however, would perhaps be more aſhamed than hurt, and more cold than either—for there are few of our nobility whoſe ungermanlike arm would not tire long before the faſhionable proceſſion quitted Bond ſtreet.—Lord North, indeed, would have reaſon to rejoice at this new faſhion; ſince, if we are to ſee a tax laid upon every thing which is univerſally uſed, the flagellating inſtruments of conjugal puniſhment, by whatever name politeneſs or parliament might call them, would afford matter for future budgets.

But what Tacitus has quickneſs enough to catch the ſhifting features of the preſent age? A proteus age which neither words nor colours can deſcribe. The head of a family is univerſally commended for being an amiable huſband, and a fond father of thirteen children. His two younger brothers enter into the ſame holy ſtate of matrimony; and, lo, they are forbid their father's houſe, they are not even invited to dine with the ſquire on a ſunday; and their ſaucy nephews and nieces loll their tongues out, and make faces, whenever they ſee them.

Two or three dozen women of quality are guilty of the moſt abandoned adultery—immediately all our moraliſts and ſatiriſts draw their pens, and *O tempora! O mores!* Was there ever ſuch an age! Some red vengeance ſoon muſt blaſt the guilty land!—One old Lady, who has written hiſtory, finds herſelf to want a huſband. From hiſtory her obſervation collects that of huſbands the young have among all people and all nations been preferred before the old. Beſides, matrimony requires only ſuch a number of years, and ſuch a number of pounds by the year—let but the requiſite portion be made up, proportion is of little conſequence; whether the male or female ſcale kick the beam. This poor woman, goes peaceably to church; and, or e'er her wedding ſhoes be ſoiled, every writer in the kingdom, married and unmarried, clean and unclean, poetical and profetical, maſculine, feminine and neuter, ſets his wit againſt her, and hangs her up to ridicule and infamy becauſe—ſhe choſe rather to marry than to burn.—Nay more, the ſervants of that religion, whoſe forms and commands ſhe has obeyed, for this ſingle reaſon withdraw from her their holy benedictions. And, laſt of all, an aged and reverend divine, of moſt diſtinguiſhed piety and wiggity, averts his bluſh-red viſage from the deed; and withdraws that friendſhip and ſupport from the wife, which he vouchſafed the widow. ——What fixed leſſons of future conduct are our young women and men to gather from theſe glaring contradictions? Your's,

BOB BATCHELOR.

OUR correſpondents muſt excuſe our conſtant ſilence about their favours. Silence is not a proof of ingratitude. To notice them all, would be to give more than the additional half ſheet which we added to Number VII.—However we cannot avoid ſaying, in anſwer to L. L's moſt obliging letter, that we have been favoured with no other letter ſo ſigned.

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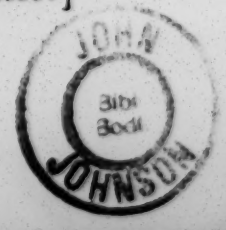

NUMBER XI. SATURDAY, MARCH 27th, 1779.

—Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes. *Virg.*

I fear the fellows and their gifts suspect. *The Reader of Numb. I.*

DEAR, but ungentle, Reader; for what earthly reason we beseech thee?—Why must we be fellows? Wherefore be apprehensive either of us or of our presents?—Is it that our generosity begets your suspicion? And can such a child be born of such a parent?

OR, say—was it necessary that the first Number of our work, should be good for nothing; or should contain poison for the King, poison for the Queen, poison for the Dauphin, poison for all his majesty's liege subjects, because we—gave it away? If this be sound logic, then is it the reason perhaps why so few are fond of accepting that advice which so many are willing to give—why all the world is so ready to give their word, though hardly any body keeps it—why we all give jokes and affronts most bountifully, but are seldom over fond of taking them.

BY gentlemen, who hold this doctrine, it has been rumoured about the town, and almost whispered in the ear of ministry, that we are known to be a set of Jesuits. But little did these backbiters wot of the real disposition of the sons of Loyola. Few people ever studied it more than the late philosopher of Ferney. We are assured by him that no Jesuit ever yet published a single page of his works *gratis*. This order did not even affect the vow of poverty. "Il est a remarquer," says Voltaire in his *Questions*, "qu' aucun "Jésuite n'a donné au public ses ouvrages sans les vendre."

IMPRESSED, as he appears to have been, with an honest abhorrence of the abominable institution of Pampeluna, Voltaire was determined to shun this distinguishing mark which his omniscience set upon the foreheads of all Loyola's disciples. To do with his works that which he accuses the Jesuits of never having done with theirs, was not altogether convenient.

Still, however, there must be a wide gapb between him and them. Now, by what means to effect this? Why—it did not appear that the Jesuits were in the habitude of selling their works more than once. Here was an opening. The liveliness of Voltaire's genius immediately profited by it. He sold almost all his productions half a dozen times over. As many purchasers would claim an epigram, perhaps, as the epigram contained lines. As many booksellers would contend for the honour and profit of giving his epic poem to the world, as cities of old for the honour of giving birth to Homer. While poor Jean Jaques was copying music at Paris two sheets for a sous, Voltaire was multiplying the copies of his writings all over the world, with as much diligence as if the art of printing had not yet been invented.—It does not follow for exactly the same reason, but it follows, we trust, still more logically, if it be possible, that Posterity will use the gentlemen concerned in the Literary Fly no less ill in taking them for Jesuits, than in setting down Voltaire for one.

Still the fatal munificence of *Number one* stands upon record against the honesty of our intentions. With too many, the good things of this world are intrinsically valuable, in proportion as they are expensive; whence custom has decreed that one and the same word *(dear)* should signify both expensive and valuable. The opposite to black is white. It follows, therefore, in the logic of these gentry, that every thing must, of necessity, be bad and abominable, in proportion as it is cheap and common.—N. B. Hereby hangs a long and difficult lesson for the Ladies. Happy the good girl who learns it perfectly!

Now, nothing could well be cheaper than the first Number of the Literary Fly, which was given away, ergo—the Literary Fly——. And this logicians call a syllogism.

The broad principle, on which stands this catholic syllogism, runs through every thing in life. It does not only govern us in our opinion of Literary Flies—it guided us lately in our ideas of what a lexicographer might explain to be *flesh of certain four-footed beings, which men eat and flies blow*. It directed us in our judgment of butchers' meat.

As it will contribute still further to illustrate the cruelty of the reports and suspicions under which it is our misfortune to labour, we will set this story of the butchers' meat before our Readers. Pick any thing ye like from it, with what appetite ye may.

The times! The times! we are constantly crying out. Money never was so scarce. It is all vanished under ground. Every creditor must inevitably make up a large sum by Monday or Tuesday; every debtor is unluckily disappointed of his West-Indian hogsheads, or his Lincolnshire rents. Things are so dear that a man who eats more than a sparrow or a fine Lady, or than Sancho's physician suffered him to eat, cannot exist a fortnight. So far—well.—At this period, patriotism produces the cheap butcher.—Now then every murmur dies away. Content and Plenty meet

and

and kiſs each other even in Litchfield ſtreet. The ſatisfied ſubject laughs and grows fat.

Let thoſe eat now, who never ate before;
And thoſe, who always ate, now eat the more!

Not ſo faſt. Nothing leſs, aſſure yourſelves.—Engliſhmen ſometimes take it into their noddles that they will not believe any thing about their noddles—neither their eyes, nor their ears, nor their tongues. A victory they will, to-day, ſwear to you moſt bloodily is a defeat; a defeat a victory. To-morrow, ſomething which was neither a defeat nor a victory, ſhall be both a victory and a defeat. And, unleſs you believe all three, and make your aſſent as clear as the ſun at noon-day, by the only proof ever admitted in this court of juſtice, a requiſite number of enlightened witneſſes—"Break his windows—down with him—Old England for ever! "Huzza!"

IN this wiſe country all is not gold that gliſtens. Every rump ſteak is not good beef and true. The well-known madman, who was nickhamed *Peter*, would have a ſlice of his twelve-penny brown loaf to "contain in-"clusive the quinteſſence of beef, mutton, veal, veniſon, partridge, plum-"pudding, and cuſtard." The which he proved to his unbelieving brothers by this concluſive argument, for which logicians have not yet invented any name—"Look ye, gentlemen, to convince you what a couple of blind "poſitive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will uſe but one plain argu-"ment; By G—, it is true, good natural mutton as any in Leadenhall "market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe "otherwiſe!—" But the madneſs of the good people of England is no more nearly allied to Peter's madneſs, than to the underſtanding of Great Wits. Put but a diſh of politics into an Engliſhman's head, no matter whether freſh or ſtinking—and it ſignifies not a braſs button what you put into his belly. Though it be a buttock of true good, natural beef, for which a breeding Queen, or a hungry Quin, well might long, the ſurly cur will gnaw the very bone, and ſwear all the time that by G— the buttock of beef was neither fiſh, fleſh, nor good red herring! and, G—confound him eternally, if it was either beef, mutton, veal, vinegar, veniſon, partridge, plum-pudding, or cuſtard.

THE caſe is this—our modern Laputa is an iſland of politicians, as the inhabitants of old Laputa were mathematicians.—Touching the flappers of that ancient iſland, ſome of which are to be found in the muſeum of modern Laputa, in very high preſervation; and on which a moſt learned diſcourſe was read ſome time ſince, at the antiquarian ſociety of that country—theſe very uſeful inſtruments are now transferred, to borrow my own conciſe explanation, from thoſe animals who eat butchers' meat, to thoſe who blow it. Flappers are not uſed now to remind men that they muſt eat beef, mutton, or veal; but to remind flies that they muſt not eat any thing of the ſort. They are become the warlike weapons of modern butchers, and as neceſſary to them as their marrow-bones and cleavers.

As ſoon as ever a patent ſhall be granted for the diſcovery, the public will be apprized, in ſome future Number, of a new invented flapper, conſtructed in

in a manner curious and ſingular, by which it is hoped the political phrenzy of this country, after a few applications to a certain part of the body corporate, will be effectually ſubdued; whether the *furor* rage in male drinkers of coffee, or in female ſippers of gin.

OF what ſovereign uſe would ſuch an invention have been lately to the purſes and ſtomachs of his majeſty's loyal ſubjects! No ſooner did Litchfield ſtreet give birth to its bright luminary of butcherian reaſonableneſs, than the longeſt polyſyllables of reprobation were thundered out. The holy conclave of the populace let looſe its maddeſt bull of excommunication againſt the blundering miniſterial bull-mongers, who deſerved to be hanged, drawn and quartered; as well as againſt the cheap vender of killed, quartered and cut up bullocks. As to the bulls of the miniſterial butchers, they would toſs and gore this country to pieces. As to the goods, wares and merchandize of the Litchfield-ſtreet politician; his veal was unwholeſome, and bad coloured—*Hic niger eſt, hunc tu Romane caveto*; His bullocks were all overdriven, every one of them *fænum habet in cornu.*

WE are Engliſhmen; and we will not eat cheap meat upon compulſion, Hal. There were eye-witneſſes ready to ſwear, that, ſince a noble Lord poſſeſſed no dog ſo beautiful as that which did belong to Alcibiades (though it is allowed he hunts a very pretty pack), whoſe tail he might cut off, and throw to the whale: his Lordſhip employed his honourable friend in Litchfield ſtreet to lower the price of butchers' meat, that the public attention might be called from obſerving how much the national debt and misfortunes were riſen. For, it has been found by experiment, that, in proportion as the belly becomes full, the head becomes empty. The worſt miniſters are always in the worſt ſeaſons.—Had the butcher given away to the populace beef, mutton and veal; it would have been a convincing argument to them that the miniſter meaned to give away to France, Great Britain, Ireland, and the Weſt-Indies.

BUT the cheap butcher, ſo detected as aforeſaid, is now no more. Something, however, popular clamour muſt have on which to feed. The *Literary Fly* made its appearance in the world. A word to the mad is ſufficient. Cry havock, and let ſlip deſtruction. The Literary Fly is manifeſtly nothing but a vehicle to introduce the French. And immediately, a well-known Iriſh Politician (whoſe name we ſhall certainly expoſe at length if he continue theſe practices) aſſerts that it is only a plan to clap the King, Lords and Commons into one large carriage, and drive them away over the Atlantic to Boſton.

Is ſuch uſage to be tolerated in a free country like this? Muſt every thing be tortured, be lopped or lengthened to the iron bed of politics? We hear nothing but politics, we ſee nothing but politics, we feel nothing but politics, we eat nothing elſe. The love-ſick maiden diſdains to tuck up her ſtockings or herſelf in any but Keppelian garters. Does the curioſity of a poor painter lead him to examine rather minutely a dock-yard or ſo? Politics—away with the traitor, and hang him up to bleach midway between earth and ſky. Do one man's honeſty, and regard for his maſter's intereſt,

reſt, lead him to accuſe his fellow-ſervant of idleneſs and neglect of duty? Politics—make a fire in the court-yard, to the flames immediately with the raſcal's effigy, his fellow-ſervants ſend him to Coventry; and it is well for him if the neighbours' ſervants do not ſend him to a more diſtant country, from whoſe bourn he may e'en get back as he can.

But it ſeems our Literary Machine muſt of neceſſity be a political one, becauſe a coach is ſo very like a ſtate.—A ſhip is an every-day metaphor for a ſtate. But is a ſhip one morſel more like any republic or kingdom that the world ever ſaw, than a coach? Our compariſon literally runs, ſay they, on all fours.—The ſtate has a coachman, ſo have we. The political *machine* (a name evidently ſynonymous to *fly*) has wheels within wheels, ours has four wheels. They have ins and outs, we have inſides and outſides. As to the ſpecies of animals by which the two machines are drawn—neither of them appears to uſe horſes. We are famous for turning a corner, they too can turn upon occaſion. Our cattle want the whip more than the reins, ſo do theirs; and they too have the reins of government. Our paſſengers are ſometimes in the baſket, ſo are the miniſtry.—In ſhort, ſay theſe critics, this, which the learned call the improper allegory, having two ſenſes, becauſe the literal meaning is of moral import, contains moſt clearly in its ſecondary ſenſe, like brother Peter's cruſt, incluſive the quinteſſence of a republic, a monarchy, and an oligarchy.

O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus! O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
Portum: nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus, &c.

Either deny, with Tanaquil Faber, that Quintilian and Warburton are right when they ſwear a double meaning runs through this ode of Horace; or confeſs that the Literary Fly is nothing but a ſtate machine, loaded with ſatire and treaſon.

So are our deeds, gentle Reader, miſconſtrued, and our intentions explained away—a fate to which we muſt ſubmit in common with every author who ever wrote. Fenelon, as well as Rabelais, was ſaid to have penned a ſatire on the age. *The Rape of the Lock*, as well as *The Tale of a Tub*, was accuſed of dangerous tendency to religion, of ſatire and politics. Warburton and Soame Jenings, as well as Bolingbroke and Voltaire, have been charged with an ill will to Chriſtianity. It has been truly obſerved that even *The whole Duty of Man* muſt change its nature at the bidding of theſe critical chemiſts, and be reſolved perhaps into politics or blaſphemy.

The Tale of a Tub, it ſhould ſeem, was not handſomely uſed on this occaſion, ſince its author declares in the preface, "it was a great eaſe to "his conſcience that he had written ſo elaborate and uſeful a diſcourſe "without one grain of ſatire intermixed." And yet, impartially to own the truth, two paſſages in this very Tale of a Tub look more than one certain *Lord* ſo very full in the face, that it is impoſſible to believe but the author wrote it in 1696 as a ſatire upon the miniſtry of 1779.—"Their

"gods

" gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that " pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone inspira- " tion could be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they " performed the adoration of Latria, was the *Almighty North*: an ancient deity " whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis had likewise in the highest reverence " —*omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant*. This god, though endued with am- " biguity, was yet supposed by the profounder Æolists to possess one peculiar " habitation, or a cælum empyræum, wherein he was more intimately pre- " sent. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient " Greeks, by them called *Scotia*, or the land of *Darkness*."—Can any thing be more plainly pointed at Lord North and Lord Bute than this?—Had not the miscreant author been laid in his grave for half a century, we should have motions for him to lay his papers before the house, and to attend at the bar; while he would regale himself with the freedoms of cities and corporations, in elegant pouncet-boxes; as common men regale themselves with snuff. Again—there is a most impudent, and probably forged, quotation from Herodotus, where the historian is made to say, " That, in the " regions far to the North, it was hardly possible for a man to travel; the " very air was so replete with feathers." Can this mean any thing but the number of Scotch pens which he would insinuate a noble Lord keeps in motion? And does it not allude to his Lordship's having a feather or two in his cap, and having feathered his nest?

YET, after all, most sensible are we, Heaven knows, from what has so cruelly happened to ourselves, how strangely authors may be misunderstood. Many of them, were they again called into life, would deny the writings which pass under their names; certainly would not comprehend them. Virgil would be unable to bring that part on which boys, as well as ladies, sit, in contact with a bench, long before he got through his third book; and would wish most heartily that his executors had obeyed the injunctions of his will, and burned his Æneid. A volume might be written on this subject. In our next Number we mean to show how little Virgil in particular, even at this day, is understood. We shall prove that the Grecians and Trojans were only the Whigs and the Tories of the Augustan age; and that the Trojan horse was nothing more than a periodical paper of politics, after the manner of the North Briton.—If commentators had fewer systems to serve, and were led away by no explanation but what was *palpable* and *self-evident*, criticism would not be the methodist feast of love, where it is " Put out the light, and then"—where you are to feel as well as you can, and

Wits meet wits and jostle in the dark.

Or, rather, criticism would not be a game at *blind man's buff*, where one who cannot see, endeavours to catch half a dozen who can.

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NUMBER XII. SATURDAY, APRIL 3d, 1779.

——Non alius flectere equum sciens
Æquè conspicitur. *Hor. Carm.* III. viii. 25.

I challenge all the literary world to give a more natural explanation of the Trojan horse.

THE works of Virgil have, for many ages, been a sort of bow, on which the suitors to celebrity have tried their strength—a kind of riddle, which every one has endeavoured to explain, which every one has explained, but which every one has explained after a different fashion. Hardly an incident or an expression is to be found in them that has not been proved to mean twice as much as meets the vulgar ear. The poet must certainly have been a prodigy of abilities. He must have known the affairs of this world, and the next; past, present and to come: for little less is he made to have introduced into his immortal writings. I am not yet without the hope of seeing some ingenious commentator, before I die, manifestly prove Virgil to have discovered the longitude; to have been at Coxheath camp; and to have been brought back from the brink of the grave, to which the disorder of his own Naples had reduced him, by the renowned Dr. Rock of Ludgate-hill. Yes—I trust I shall still live to see it demonstrated that the poet betrays as much, and more than this, in more than one passage of his writings.

BUT, you are not to imagine that the Æneid has been particularly chosen for the butt of criticism, from any partiality to Virgil, or because commentators understand Latin, next to Greek, worst. Virgil did but take his turn and stand in Homer's shoes, as Milton will hereafter stand in Virgil's. Of all human inventions, an Epic poem is the most everlasting. There is no end to it. Its reservoir is inexhaustible. An Epic poem is like the famous purse of Fortunatus; take out as many handfuls as ever you will, it is still brimful. Or it is a juggler's cup, out of which he can conjure any thing for his good friends the company, a guinea or a leg of mutton; but not a farthing, nor a mutton chop for himself.

Fiet aper, modo avis, modo saxum, et, cum volet, arbor.

It is the Noah's ark of Literature. Again—an Epic poem is as it were a deep well. A critic has nothing to do but to let down the rope, and, be-

hold, he draws up whatever he wishes or desires. A certain Naiad, called *Truth*, lies at the bottom of the well, always fills the bucket, and is very often glad to take a trip in it, like a Cornish minor, to our upper regions.

For these reasons the world has seen but three Epic poems; and those three, at pretty equal distances from each other. What call you that pye into which the cook puts the whole produce of his kitchen, fish, flesh, and fowl? There can certainly be but one species of this pye, until some daring cook shall make a new discovery in the culinary world.—When Atreus had served up the only child of Thyestes at the feast, and made him eat his own bastard (a curious revenge for cuckoldom), as authors are made to eat their own words (By the way, should the new adultery bill inflict this punishment, the sun, who turned back at this revenge of Atreus, would never follow his nose, but crawl backwards with us, from January to December)—I say (which is the shortest way of getting back again into your subject, when a confounded parenthesis has interrupted your saying what you meant to say),—it was impossible for Atreus to provide such another rare and dainty dish for his friend, till Progne (whence *prog* signifies "provision "for the convent") should think proper to provide him with another young sucking child.—Even so it is with an Epic poem. Every Epic poem contains in it every thing which was to be found in the world at the time it was written; and, sometimes, some things of which the world never heard, which were not yet known. Toss in a bone or two for the critics, season it with a heavy hand, and throw a thin delicate crust over the whole (as Virgil has over the Trojan horse), your pye is complete, and old white-headed dusty Time will bake it so carefully that it will keep sweet and fresh in the hottest countries and climates, in the longest journies and voyages. Now, the vegetable, the animal worlds must produce many new materials, much new matter, before the whole family of the muses, good housewives as they are, will be able to furnish a new dish of this kind. As near as I am able to calculate, the fourth chef d'œuvre of human ingenuity will make its appearance about the latter end of August or the beginning of September (for, in those days, the seasons, as well as the fashions, will have changed; and that will be the middle of winter), in the year four thousand one hundred twenty and one.

Homer, as his philosophic critics have proved, comprehended all which related to the first ages of the world in the Encyclopedie of his Iliad. Virgil continued this laborious work, down to his own times, in a second volume. Milton added volume the third of this universal history of mankind. So that Homer, Virgil, and Milton should be uniformly bound and gilt in our libraries, and lettered "Universal History" (or some such title), "to be continued occasionally." Our countryman, indeed, can not yet boast so many curious commentators as his two copartners in this great undertaking. For, as a prophet is not honoured, neither is a poet criticised, in his own country. Familiarity with the birth, parentage and education of the one, and with the language of the other, destroys all the effect. With both, it is "major a longinquo reverentia." An Epic poem, after a certain number of centuries, during which it is not understood at all, begins to be better and better understood in proportion as it grows older, and as the manners and language of the times in which it was written become less and less understood: for Madam Criticism, after all (no offence to

modern

modern females), is a little of a backbiter—she makes her principal meal, like Fame, upon carcases—Homer and Milton, prove that blind men see best to write Epic poems; and Criticism is of opinion she sees to understand them best in the dark—she is the contrary of near sighted, and cannot distinguish the nose in your face, unless you are what you would call out of sight—she is a remarkable good shot, and never takes aim till a common eye would think the partridge was beyond the reach of her gun—Criticism is a mighty connoisseur in the flavour of poetry, and has discovered that poems, like port, refine and grow clearer by age.—When Milton shall be sufficiently unintelligible, and future antiquaries shall dispute whether *Piccadilly* (a word used by the first inhabitants of old Britain) was the name of a town, of a noble family, of a chamber utensil, or of one of their monarchs—at that enlightened era I can easily believe it will be made clear from Paradise Lost, that the account of hell and the devil &c. &c. in that poem, was designed by the author to convey to future times the history of the free-masons; whose secrets it will then be discovered he did not dare, at the time he wrote, openly to divulge.

IN short, the heraldry of every Epic poem's title should run—"Every man "his own rat-catcher, every man his own vermin-killer, every man his own "every thing." The Æneid, for instance, has almost been metamorphosed into an Ovid's Metamorphoses; which "The Divine Legation of Moses" has præstoed into *a popular history of Providence*. As many discoveries have been made with regard to Virgil, as with regard to the Bishop's Moses, who is proved to be Apollo, Pan, Priapus, Cecrops, Minos, Orpheus, Amphion, Tiresias, Janus, Evander, Romulus, and some dozen and half more of the Pagan gods and heroes (*Huet's Demonstratio Evangelica*). But, of all discoveries the greatest was that of father Harduin, who would needs have it that Virgil did not write his own works.

IT was proposed by a certain great wit for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom should take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years, in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on his comprehensive discourse: and this wicked wit ventured to affirm, that, whatever difference might be found in their several conjectures, they would be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from his text.—Verily I say unto ye, my brethren, critics, this experiment has been made manifest upon Virgil, yea even unto seventy times seven.—Does this reflect greater credit on the fruitfulness of Virgil or of his critics?

OF all men past or present, Virgil's first obligations are to Bishop Warburton, though I hope, by the present discourse, to make out a decent claim on his gratitude myself. *The Divine Legation of Moses* is as necessary to the *Æneid*, as mint-sauce is to lamb, or as gooseberries are to mackarel. One assists you to taste and relish the other.—What embracing will there be between the Bard and the Bishop when they meet in paradise!

WE now know that a particular initiation into the mysteries was meant by the descent of Æneas to the infernal regions in the sixth book—and that the general celebration of them is to be understood by the contracted view of Tartary and Elysium on his hero's shield in the eighth book.

The beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus which has hitherto only been considered as poetry, turns out now to be true, good, natural history.

It

It was clearly given as a picture of the ancient institution of the sacred band of *lovers* and their youths, which the states of Greece borrowed from Sparta, and Sparta from, the mother of legislation, Crete.—" His *amor unus* erat," says Virgil of Nisus and Euryalus—" Opprobrio fuisse adoles-" centibus si *amatores* non haberent," says Cicero, in his Republic, of the sacred band—and what can be plainer? The conclusion follows as naturally as the Divine Legation of Moses from the Bishop's major and minor.

AGAIN—in the ninth book, certain ships are turned into sea deities:

Mortalem eripiam formam, magnique jubebo
Æquoris esse Deas.

A common reader could make nothing of this, unless he considered it as an allegorical satire upon the different allegories which the poet plainly saw would be plainly proved upon every part of his work. Whereas—" every thing in this poem points to great and public ends." By the transformation of ships into sea deities, he would insinuate, it seems, the great advantage of cultivating a naval power; " such as extended com-" merce, and the dominion of the ocean; which, in poetical language, is " becoming deities of the sea." This " ministerial hint" too was the more important and seasonable, as all the traverses of Octavius, in his way to empire, were from his want of a sufficient naval power; first in his war with Brutus and Cassius; afterwards with Sextus, son of the great Pompey.—For my own part, I offer the hint with all due deference to the Bishop's superior learning (to which he calls not a few French witnesses in his notes), but it appears to me that the poet evidently alluded to Britain, who avowedly professes "extended commerce, and the dominion of " the ocean;" and is therefore, " in poetical language, the deity of the " sea." Nay, I think I can perceive that Virgil's integrity led him to take part with opposition, i. e. to be what we call a patriot; and that he here evidently insinuates the present melancholy situation of our marine, and the decay of our navy in the hands of the first Lord of our admiralty—all which have been lately made to appear so conspicuously, in our total defeat throughout the European seas, and our miserable success beyond the Cape.

BUT our Pagan poet has his obligations to more than one Christian bishop. Atterbury proved that *Iapis*, being translated, stands for *Antonius Musa*. And a *real* critic has explained the whole allegory, in the beginning of the third Georgic, where, under the idea of a magnificent temple to be raised to the divinity of Augustus, the poet promises the famous lofty rhymes of Epic architecture which he afterwards built in his honour.

To most of these charges of ingenuity, Virgil, or his friends for him, may perhaps plead not guilty. But, in the court of Criticism, no author is allowed to give evidence respecting his own writings. Does Virgil offer to say a word, Julius Hyginus assures the court (*Commentaries on Virgil*, A. Gellii Noct. Att. lib. x. Cap. 16.) that the impudent knave knows nothing about the matter, and that the gross contradiction, with which the poet charges the critic, Virgil would certainly have corrected, had he lived to finish his work. Nor does he come off much better from a jury of English critics. The reverend judge from the bench *(Divine Legation)* directs them to find him guilty of an oversight, which, had he lived to perfect the Æneid, he would have corrected: assuring them that almost every writer

writer tells lies, or old womens' tales, or allegories; and that, in all the numerous writings of Cicero, for instance, they must not believe a single syllable, except what his epistles contain.

AMONG all the laudable illustrations of Virgil, I wonder no critic has prevented me in my explanation of the Trojan horse. It was as clearly nothing more than a periodical paper of politics, as—I can find no simile, for I know not any thing equally clear. The Greeks and the Trojans will also turn out to be only the Whigs and the Tories of Virgil's days. This explanation will throw *Claude*'s sunshine over this whole piece of Epic painting, and give it new beauties. The delicacy of the satire, the justness of the allegory—but I will proceed according to the best rules of criticism. An Episcopal pioneer shall prepare my way before me, and make my paths straight.

THIS learned writer well observes that Bishop Atterbury goes altogether upon a gratuitous kind of criticism. Without any previous knowledge of the life and fortunes of Antonius Musa, the physician of Augustus, he supposes that Virgil meant Iapis by this person, merely because Augustus was meant by Æneas. And then, from what the poet tells us of the history of Iapis, the critic concludes it must have made part of the history of Musa. So, instead of explaining fable by history, he would regulate history on fable. Now, the principles of true criticism should surely have directed him to inquire previously what antiquity had left us concerning the person of Antonius Musa. When, if on comparing what he there found with what Virgil has delivered concerning Iapis, any strong resemblance appeared, then, and not till then, his ingenious conjecture, that Iapis was Musa, would have stood upon a reasonable bottom. It was not thus the able critic explained the allegory in the third Georgic. But, had the existence of an Epic poem never come to our knowledge, that excellent writer, we may conclude, would never have troubled the world with so slender a conjecture, that a temple signified an Epic poem. In truth, critics should proceed in these inquiries about their author's secret meaning, with the same caution and sobriety which courts of justice employ in the detection of concealed criminals. They take care, in the first place, to be well assured of the *corpus delicti*, before they venture to charge the fact upon any one.

Just so shall we proceed in our present inquiry. Before we prove that the Trojan horse was a periodical paper, we mean to make it evident that antiquity was no stranger to publications of that kind. This cannot now be shown quite as clearly as the present existence of the Morning Post and the Public Advertiser, because unluckily, in the general wreck of Literature, the Public Advertiser and the Morning Post, the Spectator and the Tatler of ancient Rome, together with the works of Cremutius Corda, and the remaining books of Livy, were utterly lost. But, that the Ancients had periodical parchments, and news parchments, many passages of their writings which are come down to us sufficiently prove.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere?

says Horace in the second epistle of the second book. Does not this evidently complain of the numerous morning and evening publications with which Rome was over-run?—Again, in the *Art of Poetry*,

——Vos

——— Vos exemplaria Greca,
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

From which paſſage we not only gather that they had daily publications of this ſort; but that they were ſometimes written in Greek, which we may conclude was as well underſtood about the Forum and the Æſquiline hill, as French or Italian in Groſvenor Square and that part of our Rome.

LET us next hear what Virgil ſays upon this ſubject. If we ſhould not be able to prove it out of his own mouth, we will be content to let our favourite idea fall to the ground.—Now, in the third Georgic, he has the following paſſage;

Quod furgente die mulſere, horiſque diurnis,
Nocte premunt.

Hitherto this paſſage has only been conſidered as a receipt to make goat butter. The learned Dr. Warton tranſlates it;

Their morning milk the peaſants preſs at night.

But a tranſlator ſhould always be acquainted with the manners and cuſtoms of his author's country. In the Eclogues it has been repeatedly ſhown that when the poet ſays one thing he always means another—that Amaryllis means Rome, and Galatea Mantua—that Damætas ſtands for Virgil himſelf, &c. &c. In the laſt quoted paſſage there ſeems to be little doubt that the poet meant, under the idea of milking a goat, to allude to the periodical writers of his time, from whoſe daily productions, when in the country, he ſkimmed, every evening, all the cream they would yield; *hyemique reponunt* (in the next line but one), and laid it up for future entertainments againſt the long winter evenings in town. That *premunt* may be applied in a literary, as well as a butter-making ſenſe, is clear from the "nonumque *prematur* in annum" of Horace; where he does not adviſe you to keep your butter by you for nine years, but your writings—advice by which the authors of our days have ſo much profited!—Then, if we ſuppoſe "milking a goat" to have been a proverbial phraſe in Rome, not unlike "milking a bull" with us; we have here a very delicate ſtroke of ſatire at the barrenneſs of theſe periodical gentry in Virgil's days.—Thus will a ſingle expreſſion in a judicious writer very often illuſtrate and clear up the hiſtory of a people.

BUT as we expect communications upon this head from many diſtinguiſhed Literati in Germany and Holland, we ſhall defer the remainder of this laborious diſcourſe till the next Number but one, after the arrival of the mails—as well as that we may relieve our Readers from the unavoidable dryneſs of critical diſquiſitions.

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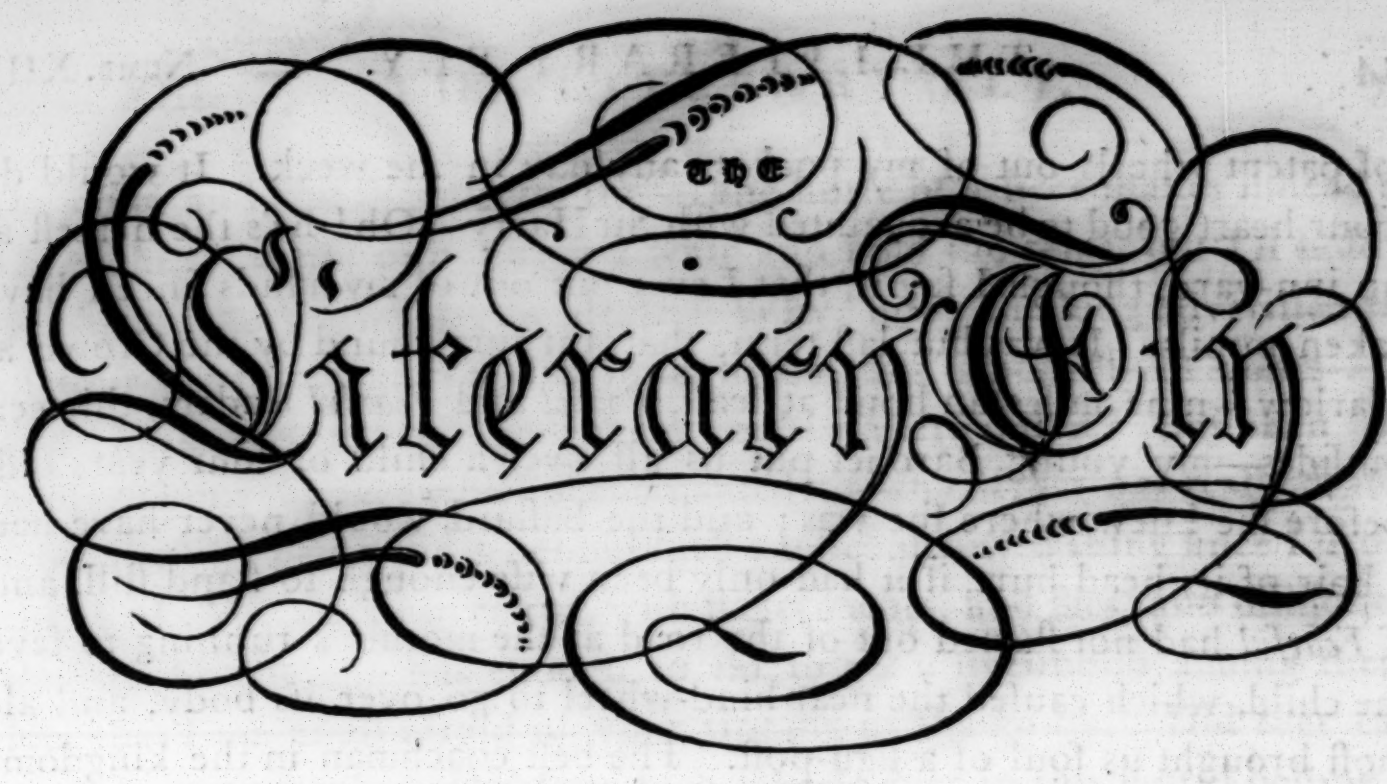

NUMBER XIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 10th, 1779.

——— Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure repôstos. *Virg.*

That passion for the whip, that strange ambition
To take four geldings under his tuition—
That fondness for a stable and a halter,
No change of fortune, life or place can alter.
Destroy his whip, and phaeton. In vain——
The creature's at his dirty work again.
Does Ruin strike him from his cloudcapt seat?
In humbler scenes he lights upon his feet.
With some stagecoach he drives the same trade still;
Or "Here——first coach, your Honour——Trotting Will."

TO THE GENTLEMAN WHO DRIVES THE LITERARY FLY.

BROTHER WHIP,

I DON'T write you this letter out of friendship, as you'll perceive; so I shall make no apologies for it. As to what you do with it, I don't care a farthing—you may put your tobacco in it, or make out your way-bill upon the back of it—'tis just the same to me—but I am determined to tell you a few truths before I have done with you.

IN the first place, then; your scheme will come to nothing. Mind my words. I tell you, you'll break your neck, before you get to the end of your journey. Brother, brother, you are no coachman. This is always the trade when such ignorant fellows get upon a box, who don't know the pole-piece from the splinter-bar. There's my young master, Sir Harry Turncorner, a fellow-commoner of our university, who is only a bachelor, and has but this term begun his exercises with me for his master's degree in driving, shall take a turn with you, four in hand, for a new set

of patent wheels out of my pocket, any day in the week. It would do your heart good to be acquainted with Sir Harry—Oh! he's the neateſt at an inn-yard, though I ſay it, that I ever put out of my hands ſince I have taken pupils. It was but laſt term, that, turning round by the Crown at Harlow—nine miles an hour at leaſt, *Poppet* and *Fearful* leaders, thirteen outſides—my young Baronet put us all over a child of four years old, before ſhe knew where ſhe was; and the baſtard would never have had a hair of its head hurt, if it had only been wiſe enough to ſtand ſtill, and if *Fearful* had not ſtarted out of the road at the mother's running to ſave the child, which cauſed the near hind-wheel to go over its body, and almoſt brought us foul of a ſign-poſt. The beſt coachman in the kingdom, I maintain it, may have ſuch a trick played him by a ſhy tit like *Fearful*. I never had my cattle better in hand in my life than my young maſter had at this very time: and, as it was, this job would never have happened, if he had not put on a pair of new gloves when he took the reins at Hockerill, which were not yet uſed to his fingers. Had Lord M. himſelf been upon the box, there was only one way he could poſſibly have ſaved the child—and that was by flogging up his off-hand horſe; and I won't ſwear even that would have done, for *Punch* is mighty apt to be ſaucy, and nab the ruſt when you give him the whip. However, very luckily the brat's mother ſaw the whole of it, and muſt be convinced, I am ſure, that my Maſter Turncorner was not the leaſt in fault. The good woman ſeemed to derive ſome conſolation from being told that her baby was killed by a Baronet, and not by a common ſtage-coachman; and we collected her ſeventeen and ſixpence from the inſides.—I have been the more particular about this little accident, becauſe Ned Jolter, who drives the other coach, ſwears every where that Sir Harry and I deſerve to be hanged: but, let me pick my cattle, and I'll drive over a child with Ned to-morrow, for his head and ears.

Now, perhaps you may chooſe to think that my noble maſter has lent me a hand here upon paper, in return for the inſtructions I have ſo often given him upon the box. But I'd have you know, I ſcorn your words. I have had a better education than ever you had, I'll anſwer for it. Five good years was I at Eaton, where I learnt Latin and Greek, and drove myſelf home in ſome of the coaches from Salthill every holydays. Then I occaſionally took the very fly in hand of which I am now coachman, and ſtudied logic and mathematics for three years upon all the coach-boxes between Covent-Garden and College. Nor ſhould I ever have come to this, but for bad luck at Newmarket. No, Sir; I ſhould have been a ſtage-coachman for amuſement only, and not from neceſſity, if I had not unluckily miſtaken

the

the odds, and laid them upon the wrong horſe of a ſweepſtakes inſtead of the right. I'll not only throw a whip and hold the reins, but I'll hold a pen with you for what you pleaſe. Why, now, the long advertiſement of four pages, when you firſt brought out this famous fly of yours—do you think any of your paſſengers could underſtand it? But then, the print of your carriage which accompanied it—why, if that was really drawn from the life, never did I behold ſuch a miſconſtructed thing ſince I drove the road. We are ſo over-run with ſtagecoaches, and flies, and dillijohns, that an honeſt man has enough to do to get a livelihood among them. Not that I am at all afraid of your tipping us the go-by. Did ever carriage hang ſo badly? Did four ſuch wheels ever in this world belong to any carriage? It is abſolutely out of character, I maintain, that it ſhould follow kindly. Why you muſt always *put on*, like a waggon, before you can get up a hill. Shocking work, Brother, indeed! Then your coach-box—can any man, who ever ſat behind four horſes, think to command them upon ſuch a low ſeat as that? He would not be upon a level with my *Pattigony*'s ears. Beſide, your box won't hold two. That would never do for my young maſters on our road.

As to the ticket upon your ill-conſtructed boot, which belongs, I ſuppoſe, to the Hand in Hand Fire Office—you need not have been at the expenſe of it. I'll inſure your wheels from taking fire, gratis. A foot's pace will be your utmoſt ſpeed, depend upon it. Powel, the famous walker, would give you half way to York, and beat you. You will have no run, and won't take enough to pay turnpikes.

AND, pray, where are theſe ſame rips of yours all this time? The paſſengers are in, I ſee by your print (ſix inſides—more than you deſerve); and they are to travel, like Moore's machine, I ſuppoſe, without any thing to draw them. A pretty coachman truly, to call the company half an hour before you put to! nay, before your luggage is ſtowed—for there it all lies, littering about the inn-yard, and a ſharper may come and chooſe whatever he likes beſt. That jar of pickled ſatire will be gone, I'll engage, before you are off.

THE direction poſt tells us that you are going to *Poſterity*. Whereabouts that lies I know not: in none of the roads that I ever travel. There's a place nearly of the ſame name in Staffordſhire, I believe. But this I know —that if it be more than 20 miles from Hyde Park Corner, the paſſengers in that old rumbling caravan of yours muſt dine upon the road, though you were to ſet out over-night.

YOUR

YOUR guard is a good fellow enough—but rather uſeleſs—for I am ſure no one will ever travel with you who has any thing to loſe.

WHAT the dirty ſcoundrel on the top of your fly, with a pot of porter in his hand, can poſſibly mean, I am altogether at a loſs to gueſs. I don't ſuppoſe you know yourſelf.

WE are juſt going off—this is all at preſent from

your ſincere ill-wiſher, WILL WHIP,
Coachman of the Cambridge Fly.

THE gentleman who drives the Literary Fly diſdains to take any notice of Mr. William Whip's impertinent epiſtle. He will continue to perform his regular ſtages in ſpite of the threats of malice, and the abuſe of jealouſy—fully perſuaded that his paſſengers will ſtand by him to a man and to a woman, and never ſuffer him to be ill treated.

MR. WHIP, as well as many other correſpondents, cannot tell what we mean by the figure who is blowing a cow's horn on the top of our Fly. The gentleman is *Fame* at the Public's ſervice, drawn from a valuable antique in a certain noble collection. We wiſh we were at liberty to mention a name which would reflect honour upon any work—but we take this opportunity to return our thanks to our illuſtrious Patron; whoſe perfect and intimate acquaintance with every thing which relates to antiquity, is only equalled by the great readineſs with which he communicates that knowledge to others.

AN eminent writer accounts for our ſeldom hearing any thing of Fame till after our deaths, by ſuppoſing her to imagine (he has ignorantly made Fame a woman) that "her trumpet ſounds beſt and fartheſt, when ſhe "ſtands on a tomb; by the advantage of a riſing ground, and the echo of a "hollow vault." There is much probability in the conjecture. For what other reaſon did the Egyptian kings build their pyramidical monuments to the ſkies, but to give their fame a better footing in the world? And a great ſpeculative philoſopher among the Ancients (Empedocles) clearly held the ſame doctrine, by entombing himſelf in the high and hollow mountain called Ætna.

HOWEVER, we have borrowed the hint of the riſing ground and the hollow vault—and we are convinced the trumpet of our Fame, which has reached

reached the moſt diſtant corners of the earth, would never have ſounded ſo well or ſo far, had we placed Fame either in the inſide of our coach, or in the baſket, or, in ſhort, any where but where he now ſtands.

O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. *Hamlet.*

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE LITERARY FLY.

SIR,

I SEND you a curious fragment which I found among my papers. I tranſcribed it, I believe, from the notes of a volume of Iriſh politics, called *Baratariana*. It is there ſaid, I think, to be "an extract from Dr. Robertſon's intended hiſtory of America," which we have ſince ſeen. But it is not even in that Hiſtorian's ſtyle. Report, at the time, gave it to Flood, the Iriſh Fox. It is ſurely well finiſhed, and by the hand of a maſter. You are right to forſwear all kinds of politics—but a piece of fine writing, deſigned as the character, not the panegyric, of a dead man, can hardly be deemed of any party. If it ſhould, and you ſhould be abuſed, I will write a long letter in your defence.

Your well-wiſher, &c.

——The Secretary ſtood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His auguſt mind overawed majeſty, and one of his ſovereigns felt royalty to be ſo impaired in his preſence, that he conſpired to remove him in order to be relieved from his ſuperiority. No ſtate chicanery, no narrow ſyſtem of vitious politics, no idle conteſt for miniſterial victories, ſunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, perſuaſive, intractable, his object was England, his ambition fame. Without dividing, he deſtroyed party; without corrupting he made a venal age unanimous. France ſunk beneath him. With one hand he ſmote the Houſe Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The ſight of his mind was infinite: his ſchemes were to affect, not England, not the preſent age, but Europe—but poſterity. Wonderful were the means by which theſe ſchemes were accompliſhed; alway ſeaſonable, always adequate, the ſuggeſtions of an underſtanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy. The ordinary feelings which make life amiable but indolent, thoſe ſenſations which ſoften, which allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him. No domeſtic difficulties, no

domeſtic

domeſtic weakneſs reached him; but aloof from the ſordid occurrences of life, and unſullied by its intercourſe, he deſcended occaſionally into our ſyſtem to counſel and to decide.

A CHARACTER ſo exalted, ſo ſtrenuous, ſo various, ſo authoritative, aſtoniſhed a corrupt age, and the Treaſury trembled at the name of PITT through all her claſſes of venality. Corruption imagined indeed that ſhe had found defects in this Stateſman, and talked much of the inconſtancy of his glory, and not a little of the ruin of his victories; but by the hiſtory of his country, and by the calamities of the enemy ſhe was anſwered and refuted.

NOR were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the ſenate; peculiar and ſpontaneous, familiarly expreſſing gigantic ſentiments, and inſtinctive wiſdom; not like the torrent of Demoſthenes, or the ſplendid conflagration of Tully; it reſembled ſometimes the thunder and ſometimes the muſic of the ſpheres—like Murray, he did not conduct the underſtanding through the painful ſubtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townſhend forever on the rack of exertion, but rather lightened upon the ſubject, and reached the point by the flaſhings of his mind, which, like thoſe of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

UPON the whole, there was ſomething in this man, that could create, ſubvert and reform; an underſtanding, a ſpirit, an eloquence to ſummon mankind to ſociety, or to break the bonds of ſlavery aſunder; and to rule the wilderneſs of free minds with unbounded authority;—ſomething that could eſtabliſh or overwhelm empire, and ſtrike a blow in the world that ſhould reſound through its univerſe.

WE are obliged to our Correſpondent for his communication.—Perhaps, with a little alteration, this might be made a perfect character of Pitt. The thought of his "ruling the wilderneſs of free minds with unbounded authority," is ſingularly fine; eſpecially as it cloſes the climax after "break the bonds of ſlavery aſunder," which ſeemed to comprehend all that could be ſaid of praiſe.

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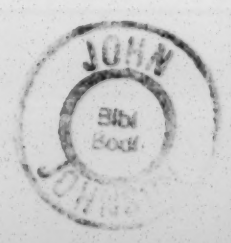

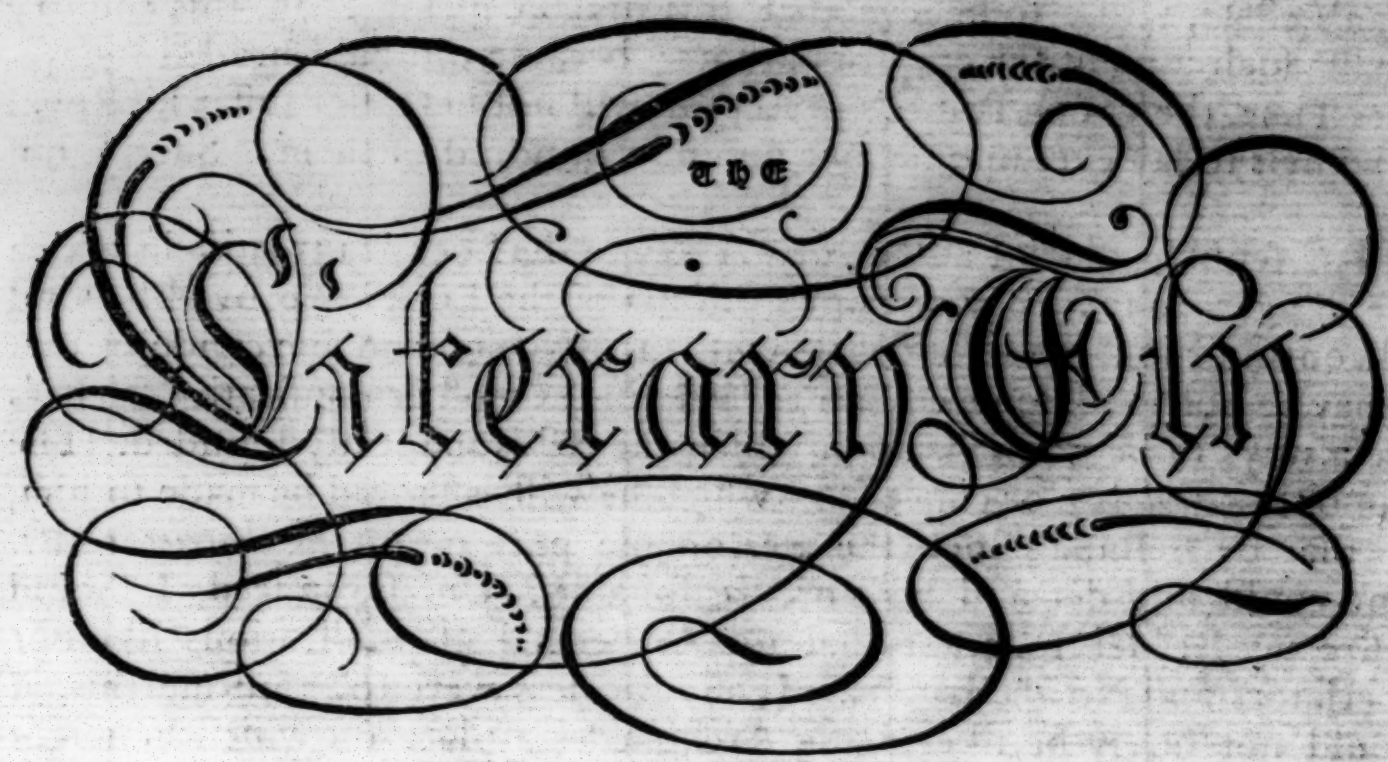

NUMBER XIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 17th, 1779.

——— Equo ne credite.— *Virgil.*

Pay no credit to my horſe.

MY Readers ſhall not be oppreſſed with the cloud of quotations which I might adduce, from every page of every writer in the Auguſtan age, to prove the leading part of my propoſition—viz. the exiſtence of periodical publications among the Romans, both of a political and a literary nature.—It is by no means clear to me that the Æneid was not publiſhed in numbers, twice a-week, for about ſevenpence-halfpenny of their money. Nor is this more incredible than that the Iliad was only a parcel of detached ſongs and ballads which an old blind fellow uſed to ſing about the country, at fairs and horſe-races, and which the Macpherſon of antiquity collected together, and arranged into an Epic poem. —Yet, " Where," ſay you, " are theſe periodical publications now to be " ſeen? Show me No XIV. of *The Trojan Horſe*. Are they depoſited along " with the originals of Oſſian, and the MSS. of Rowley?"—My lively Reader, this may be humour; it is not argument. Our own country, Heaven knows, has for many, many years enjoyed the felicity of newſpapers. If I aſk you for an evening paper of the 17th of April, 1579—can you produce it to me? No. And, becauſe you cannot produce it to me, will you deny that this country knew ſuch a thing as an evening paper in 1579? Certainly, no. And, obſerve that we had the ſuperior advantage of printing, with which antiquity (though I think the contrary might he proved) is ſuppoſed not to have been acquainted.—Will that moſt illuſtrious and promiſing prince Poſterity, when he ſhall grow up to man's

man's eſtate, refuſe to believe that, this preſent ſpring 1779, this country boaſts ſuch a plentiful crop of authors; becauſe old bald-headed ſquare-toes Time, the young Prince's preceptor, will not hereafter ſuffer his Royal Highneſs to lay eyes upon above one in a hundred of them? Surely, no.

THE ſenſible, patriot author of "A Key to the Lock," a treatiſe in which the dangerous tendency of Pope's "Rape of the Lock" is proved beyond all contradiction, does but deſire, with a truly commendable candour, that it may be obſerved, ſome certain *poſtulata* in the moſt demonſtrative ſciences are always to be granted, upon which the reſt is naturally founded. The one only *poſtulatum* or conceſſion, which he wiſhes ſhould be made to him, is, that by Belinda's lock the treaſonable poet meant *the barrier treaty*. And could any demand be more reaſonable? Unleſs, indeed, I ſhould deſire my Reader to grant that the Ancients had publications like our Spectators and North-Britons. If my Readers were to grant me this, it would not ſurely be like giving Archimedes a place on which he might ſtand and move the earth.—Yet, even this paltry munificence, to which I might fairly lay claim, I ſcorn. That only which I prove, will I take. Hear, then, a proof that muſt ſtrike Doubt himſelf for ever dumb.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:
Sed, revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt.

The Ancients uſed to call a printer's office his *Hell*—a metaphor which modern language has applied, with much leſs propriety, to a taylor's workſhop. The Roman printer had his gooſe, as well as the Britiſh taylor—under which was typified, as occaſion offered, either the writer or the reader of what he publiſhed. Horace, we ſhall preſently ſee, informs us that he is changed *album in alitem*—i. e. become an author: and the political writers of an earlier period were in fact the geeſe whoſe cackling ſaved the Capitol. Though we have no printer's hell, we have ſtill printer's devils; and, that an author may be damned, many worthy and illuſtrious gentlemen can bear witneſs. Whether Virgil ſent his hero to hell, in alluſion to his own going to preſs with the Æneid, I have not now leiſure to inquire. He certainly was a little apprehenſive, on his death-bed, of damnation and literary hell flames, or he would never have ordered his work to be committed to milder flames in order to avoid them. In the paſſage juſt quoted he clearly meant to ſay allegorically that the printer's doors were wide open every day, you might publiſh any thing you choſe in the periodical prints which came out every morning and evening; but "volat *irrevocabile* verbum"— "ſed *revocare* gradum"—there was no recovering the ſtep you had taken, whether prudent or imprudent; there was no unpubliſhing again. Then, "atri Ditis." Had the Romans printed their works in a red letter, as we do our playbills and ſaints' days, this would have been no argument. But, ſince they certainly uſed the old original *black* letter, "*atri* Ditis" corroborates not a little I conceive.

So far, well. Hitherto we ſee our way. The Romans clearly had periodical publications.—Proceed we to inquire whether they had a periodical publication called *The Trojan Horſe*.

IN

IN an undertaking like the preſent, Cuſtom and Habit are two giants which the faithful knight of Criticiſm muſt encounter and ſubdue. They guard every approach, they defend every poſſible paſs to the fell magician's caſtle, in whoſe inmoſt chamber Truth, the Critic's peerleſs Dulcinea, pines in durance vile. Mankind, by believing a thing for a length of time, acquire a kind of affection for it, and do not like to give it up. Diſcover that Orpheus never went to hell for a wife—that Troy was only an epigram ſo called—that Hector never fought—that Lucretia never died for her honour, nor Regulus for his country—that there was no ſuch man as Caractacus—that Milton was not blind, and therefore could not allude to his own blindneſs in the famous paſſage of Paradiſe Loſt—that there never exiſted ſuch a wonderful human being as Chatterton—

——— Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſanâſtis.

AFTER it has been underſtood for ages that Virgil, in the ſixth book of the Æneid, meant to lay open to us, according to his ideas, the ſecrets of the Pagan Elyſium and Tartarus; we are not fond of being told that mankind have been in the dark for ſo many ages, and that the author only meant to initiate his readers into the myſteries of the Eleuſynian freemaſons' hall. When we have attended a poet at his beck to heaven and to hell, and the Lord knows whither, and given him our attention and admiration through five or ſix hundred lines—we don't like to ſee him pointing at us for a parcel of fools at the end of our journey; nor to be told that we have in fact travelled no further than the Bagdat philoſopher who had only dipped his head into a pail of water; and to be deſired to take ourſelves away by a certain ivory gate, through which *falſa inſomnia*, all manner of lies, and all who have good manners enough to believe them, make their exits and their entrances on this ſtage of fiction.

AFTER we have ever taken Virgil's *inſtar montis equum*, in the ſecond book, to have been a large habitation in the ſhape of a horſe, as the Eſcurial is built in the form of a gridiron; in which

Tiſandrus, Stheneluſque duces, et dirus Ulyſſes,
——— Athamaſque Thoaſque
Pelideſque Neoptolemus, primuſque Machaon,
Et Menelaus, et ipſe doli fabricator Epeos,

with many other officers and gentlemen of Greece, ſat as much at their eaſe, full-dreſſed and full-armed, as the monks of St. Francis in the Globe Tavern at the top of High Wickam church.—After we have conſidered it as a wooden horſe, which might be drawn about by boys and girls,

—— Pueri circum inuptæque puellæ
Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent—

with full as much eaſe as a go-cart, or the iron houſe in St. George's Fields, or the habitation of our Lady at Loretto—after we have been whipped from ſix years old to ſixteen for doubting a ſingle ſyllable of this probable ſtory, it cannot be expected that we ſhould believe the firſt man who comes and tells us that all this means nothing more than a certain quantity of political lucubration which made its appearance in ancient Rome, perhaps

perhaps every day, perhaps only ſo many times a-week, during the time the ſenate ſat, and the theatre continued open.

MY dear, good, candid, gentle Readers, of all this I am aware; and I have therefore proceeded the more regularly in my proof. But ſurely there is nothing ſo very incredible in what I want to prove. To ſay that a periodical paper is a horſe, or that a horſe is a periodical paper, does, at the firſt bluſh, ſound ridiculous—but it is not, I humbly conceive, quite the ſame as if I were to aſſure you that King Charles's horſe at Charing-croſs is an ancient Epic poem, or Queen Charlotte's Zebra a modern tragedy. —Let us inquire whether Virgil be not ill treated—whether we do not ſuffer others to veil their beauties in much thicker and more impenetrable gauze, than I truſt to prove Virgil has uſed.

VIRGIL himſelf is allowed, at other times, to ſteal a horſe, though you will not now ſuffer him to look over a hedge. Examine the conjectures and diſcoveries of Julius Hyginus, Vives, Catrou, Martyn, Trapp, Atterbury, Warburton. Have they more probability on their ſide than I? They all prove that one thing means another, though they reſemble each other no more than a horſe is like a periodical paper. What more do I endeavour to prove? Becauſe, in my caſe, the aſſociation of ideas, between the poet's prototype and adumbrating hieroglyph, happens unluckily to make you ſmile, muſt you therefore make me out to be a fool? Becauſe Virgil ſhadowed all theſe things under the figure of a horſe, muſt his commentator neceſſarily be an aſs?

TURN to other paſſages of this ſame Virgil.

Tentanda via eſt quâ me quoque poſſum
Tollere humo.

i. e. "I muſt hit upon ſome way of raiſing myſelf from the ground." Honeſt Joe Miller would have told him by much the ſhorteſt way was to ſteal a ſilver tankard. It is, in truth, as much like wiſhing to be famous for being hanged, as for being a poet. "Victorque virum *volitare per ora*," juſt after—"to fly over the faces of men"—would ſooner prove that Virgil deſired to be a barber than a bard.—Again—

——Juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

i. e. "I have an inclination to take a drive over yonder hills, where no "tract of former wheels appears." Is not this paſſage more like driving a phaeton, much more like driving *The Literary Fly*, than like teaching farmers how to manage their ſheep and goats?

—— Superat pars altera curæ
Lanigeros agitare greges, hirtasque capellas.

By the way, but a very few lines before, in the ſame Georgic, the poet mentions the name of the young gentleman who drove the firſt high phaeton.

Primus Erichthonius currus et *quatuor* auſus
Jungere equos, *rapidiſque rotis* inſiſtere.

This, beſides proving that, in "juvat ire jugis" &c. he did mean a phaeton, proves

proves alſo that the preſent faſhion of phaetons and four is ſtrictly claſſical (no ſmall conſolation to our friend *Will Whip*, who travelled with us in our laſt Number), and therefore an amuſement, a ſtudy, a profeſſion highly in character for the learned and well-educated offspring of our nobility, gentry and others—eſpecially for thoſe "hands, which the reins "of empire ſoon may ſway."

ARE other writers leſs allegorical, leſs figurative? Let us ſee. What good reaſon, I would gladly know, can be given why a horſe ſhould not mean a certain portion of proſe, as well as a certain portion of verſe. Verſes have feet, it is true, as well as horſes—otherwiſe I can diſcover no reaſon. Yet what manner of thing is that which poets call Pegaſus? Is it a horſe, I beſeech you, or an aſs, or in the name of Truth, what is it? And does not every poet write, with the ſkill of an Aſtley, on horſeback, riding full ſpeed? If a lover pen a woeful ballad to his miſtreſs' eyebrow, does he not order Pegaſus to be ſaddled, and do we not underſtand his meaning by his riding? if a worthy gentleman mean to write an Epic poem (the Greek derivation of *Epic* proves it to be of the Equeſtrian order), does he not immediately call for his boots and ſpurs, and mount Pegaſus. Let Painting endeavour to immortalize her ſiſter Poetry; is ſhe not repreſented leaning upon an abſolute, real, ſubſtantial horſe? And will you believe a ſet of horſes who talk more incredibly than Balaam's aſs? and will not you believe my Trojan horſe, who only talks good, plain, downright, common ſenſe?

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu pyramidum altius.

who would not conjecture, from theſe lines, that Horace had erected his own monument in his lifetime, as Dr. Wilſon did Mrs. Macauley's? Is a ſtone monument more like a volume of odes, than a wooden horſe like a periodical paper?—Again—

Non uſitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ, &c.

proves rather that Horace had diſcovered Biſhop Wilkins's ſecret of flying, than that he was coxcomb enough to think himſelf the firſt poet of the age.

Jamjam reſidunt cruribus aſperæ
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem
Superne, naſcunturque læves
Per digitos, humeroſque plumæ.

i. e. "ſee, ſee, a new and rough ſkin (like a pair of neat, dogſkin boots), "creeps over my legs. While I ſpeak, my upper parts are already "changed into a white bird" (critics doubt whether he means a ſwan or a gooſe); "and a downy plumage ſprouts over every part of my body."—Now, for Heaven's ſake, dear Reader, do tell me what you would underſtand by all this in any modern ode. Had Gray aſſured you that he was changed into a white gooſe, and deſcribed the progreſs of his tranſformation thus minutely, ſhould you have taken him at his word, and ever after ſet him down for one? or ſhould you have underſtood him to foretell that his famous ode, The Bard, would live as long as the language

which

which it adorns?—A man is defined to be a two-legged animal without feathers. A poet, then, it ſeems, is a two-legged animal with feathers.

BUT I ſhall now diſmiſs my Trojan Steed, which I confeſs is my favourite hobby-horſe, that he may take breath. He will not be ſhown again for ſome Saturdays perhaps. The next time he makes his appearance, he will have the honour to make his bow, like the little learned horſe, and take his leave of the company—for I am ſenſible that we ſhould not ride a willing horſe to death; and I have not yet forgotten that friendly piece of advice which Horace ſeems to have left behind him purpoſely for me (and for which I hereby publicly return him my bounden thanks)—

Solve ſeneſcentem maturè ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

CERTIFICATE.

THESE are to certify that the moſt infallible cure for the ſpleen, at preſent ſo faſhionable a diſtemper among all ladies and gentlemen, is a jumble before breakfaſt in the Literary Fly, as often as it comes out.

L. S. A true copy. (Signed.)

THE original, ſubſcribed by the whole college of phyſicians, by the principal members of the Royal Society, by many lords and commons, innumerable gentlemen clergy and freeholders, and a reaſonable number of admirals, may be ſeen, with tickets, by proper application to the proprietor. At the ſame time may be peruſed many hundred letters of thanks (ſuperior to any which quacks write to themſelves in newſpapers), from patients who have already been reſtored to their families, to life itſelf, by our means. We mean ſoon to requeſt ſome biſhop to preach a ſermon for the benefit of the Literary Fly; at which the men, women and children, whom we have been ſo happy as to reſtore to the community, will be preſent. Timely notice ſhall be given.

N. B. An anthem will be compoſed for the occaſion by Mr. Phillidor, the moment he returns from his preſent foreign expedition, which he kindly undertook in order to pay into his old friend Horace's own hands, the money which his *Carmen Seculare* produced in this moſt muſical and learned country.—All the performers will be paid before they ſtrike a ſtroke.

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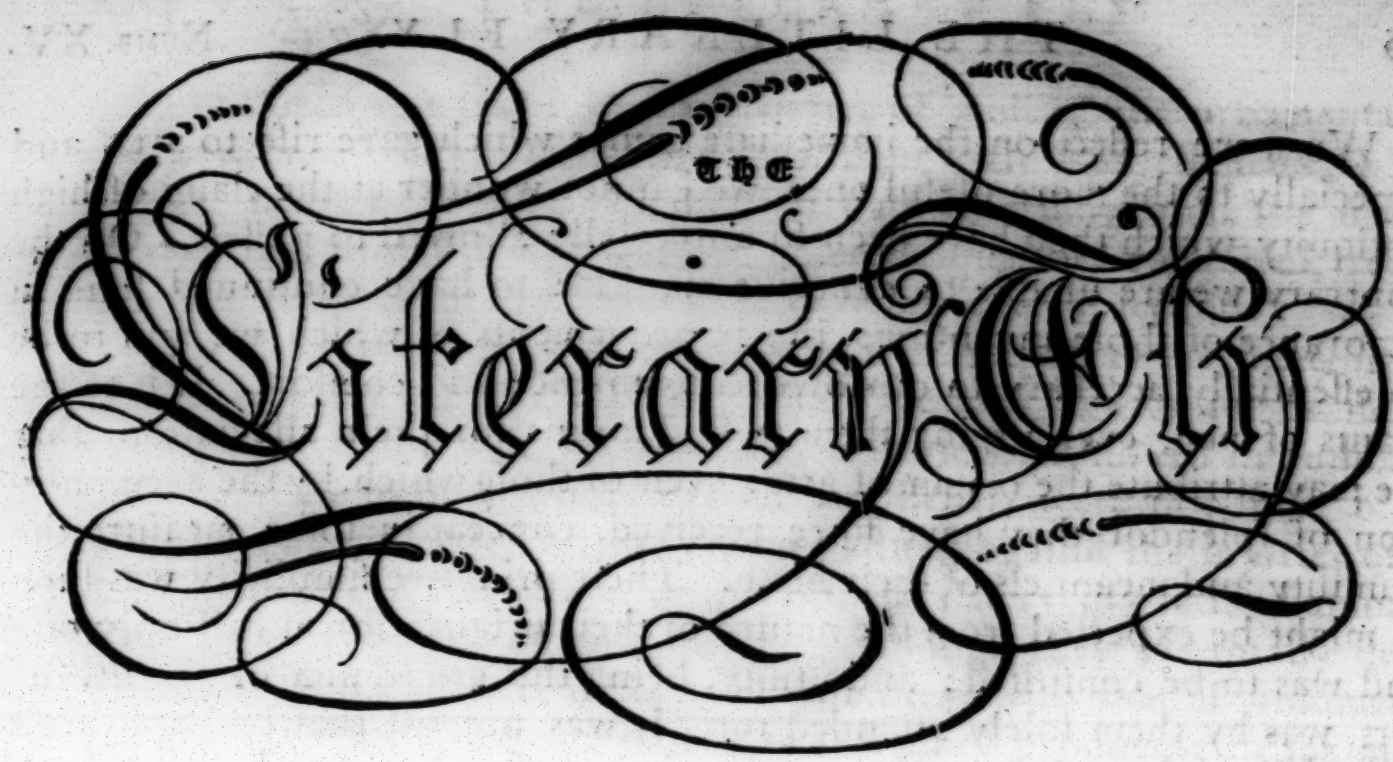

NUMBER XV. SATURDAY, April 24th, 1779.

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluêre Sabini,
Hanc Remus, et frater: sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces. *Virgil.*

Rome was not built in a day. *Vet. Prov.*

To the Conductor of the Literary Fly.

Sir,

I SEND you an Essay upon Architecture which has never been made public. It was written by a gentleman who inherited the abilities of his amiable father—and who only disappointed the universal hopes which were formed of him by a premature and lamented death.

Yours, &c.

THE Arts in general, respecting human life, are justly distinguished from one another, as they contribute to its necessities or its ornament. The first of these claim a preference to the latter, founded on intrinsic value, and may be considered as the remote source of their existence. Those inquiries, therefore, may be esteemed instructive as well as entertaining, which, by tracing them severally from their first common origin, and following them in their gradual progress towards perfection, at once display the inventive genius of our earliest ancestors, and the laudable emulation and thirst of improvement excited in their posterity.

Considered in this view, the different stages of each art afford a lively picture of the successive gradations of man; from a state of nature, savage and uncultivated, to the later refinements of politeness and civilization.

Nor indeed has any thing been esteemed a more certain criterion of the civilized state of particular nations, with respect to each other, in every age, than the different degrees of attention and encouragement bestowed on the liberal arts.

When we reflect on the immediate causes which gave rise to arts, and especially to the more useful ones, we cannot wonder at the claim of high antiquity which they have been so universally allowed to possess. On the contrary we are unable to conceive mankind to have continued long in ignorance of those inventions, the improvements of which we find to be so essentially necessary to our own convenience and comfort. It is to the wants of men, ever urging them to find means for their alleviation, that we may attribute the origin of arts: even of those which, by the accumulation of splendor they have since received, conceal in some measure the humility and meanness of their birth. Their primitive simplicity was such as might be expected from the nature of their origin: for at first only one end was to be consulted; and utility, being the grand aim of the inventors, was by them solely attended to. It was not till that end appeared to be fully answered, that other motives were suffered to intrude themselves, and the considerations of magnificence and beauty were admitted to have a share with those of convenience. Thus, what was at first calculated barely to supply the wants of mankind, became by degrees subservient to higher purposes, and has added lustre to the most polished nations of the world.

How far these general observations are applicable to the particular art of which we are now to treat, will sufficiently appear on a more minute view of the subject; which affords an ample field for speculations of this kind, at the same time that it cannot fail of exciting our regard and attention by its great and extensive utility.

Building is generally allowed to have been one of the earliest inventions of men; as we cannot suppose any other to have had a more immediate reference to their necessary wants. The cultivation of lands is perhaps the only employment, of which the antiquity is equally certain and remote. Every society of men, however ancient, appears to have paid attention to it; and even at this day, we find those uncivilized people, who are ignorant of most other arts, yet not totally deficient in the simple and necessary principles of constructing houses. Even the savage Indian, who is unskilled in agriculture, and subsists by hunting for his food in woods and desarts, has nevertheless a hut, to defend him against the fury of wild beasts, and the inclemencies of the climate which he inhabits.

It seems therefore to be true of Architecture, in common with other inventions, that it began with works of mere utility; and that the first essays in it were characterized by that simplicity and rudeness which universally mark the early efforts of human genius. An ancient cottage, whose roof, covered with rushes, was supported by the trunks of trees, rough and unhewn from the forest, could not admit of any ornament: whatever merit it might possess, must have been due to its use alone

To such as are fond of tracing inventions up to their source, these first specimens of Architecture may appear curious, and afford matter of much amusement and reflection. But in order to review it as a liberal art, which, by its magnificence, symmetry and beauty, has a powerful effect on the imagination; and which, by its variety of style, strongly marks the character and manners of different nations. We must pass over its infancy in silence, and take a survey of it from that period, when something more than mere utility began to be consulted.

It

IT has been remarked in the progreſs of moſt of the ornamental arts, that greatneſs of ſtyle has been one of their earlieſt excellencies; whereas beauty, being of a more complicated nature, ariſing from the union of many parts, and the harmony of different qualities combined, required much experience and improvement to bring it to perfection.

THIS obſervation is particularly true with reſpect to Architecture. In the more early ages of this art, where we look in vain for examples of beauty; we find a taſte for works of greatneſs, exhibited in buildings of ſuch immenſe bulk as would exceed our belief, were not ſome of them ſtill in being, defended by their own vaſtneſs againſt the injuries of time. The pyramids of Egypt are, in this reſpect, deſervedly ranked among the moſt curious remains of antiquity; and though they are totally deſtitute of beauty and elegance, we contemplate them with that aſtoniſhment and veneration which immenſe objects never fail of producing in the mind of the beholder. If we feel the moſt delightful ſenſations on the proſpect of a rich country, where the beauties of nature are pleaſingly diſpoſed and combined, we are equally, though differently, affected by a ſcene of huge rocks and precipices, which at once excite in us terror and admiration.

THE eaſtern nations have perhaps exceeded all others in this particular kind of greatneſs. Their princes, deſirous of perpetuating their own memory by the edifices which they raiſed, ſeem to have conſulted this ſtyle alone. The immenſity of their buildings was eſteemed their principal excellence; and they were content if theſe huge monuments inſtead of pleaſing might aſtoniſh poſterity. The temples in this country bore marks of the ſame prevailing taſte. The temple of Jupiter at Thebes, and that of Belus at Babylon, were to every ſucceeding age the conſtant objects of wonder and amazement; and the utmoſt ſtretch of imagination is unable to furniſh us with an adequate idea of that Labyrinth, the extent of which covered a whole province. This ſtyle of building, introduced into Egypt at ſo early a period, appears to have preſerved its influence in later times, without much variation or improvement; and diſcovers itſelf no leſs in the moſques at Cairo *, which are calculated by their ſize to inſpire a reverential awe, and open the mind to thoſe vaſt conceptions, which buildings of more exquiſite taſte and delicacy ſeldom produce. For theſe, indeed, we look in vain among this people: totally ignorant of the proportions which were afterwards ſo happily applied to this art, they had no regular order of pillars, nor any other decoration than ſuch as their ſuperſtition ſuggeſted. They were even unacquainted with the ſtructure of the arch, that moſt uſeful and ornamental figure, equally productive of ſtrength and beauty †. From theſe circumſtances, it is no wonder that the bulk of their buildings ſhould be their chief excellence, and that their grandeur ſhould not conſiſt in the manner of the Architecture, but in the ſolidity and extent of the materials.

VERY different is the proſpect which ancient Greece preſents to our view. It is to this country that we muſt direct our reſearches, if we wiſh to diſcover the arts in their greateſt perfection. Here it was that Statuary, Painting, and the other polite ornaments of an accompliſhed nation, firſt attained a degree of excellence, which the rude attempts of earlier ages

* See Pocock's Travels, Vol. I. p. 28, 31. † *Ibid.* p. 220.

never

never ſeemed to promiſe. Nor was Architecture leſs ſucceſsful in its progreſs. We have already ſeen that the genius of the eaſtern nations turned towards the gigantic and the marvellous, and was more taken with the enormous ſize and prodigiouſneſs of a building, than with the graces and nobleneſs of its proportions. It was from the Greeks that Architecture received regularity and order; and it is to them that the art is indebted for all thoſe beauties which it hath hitherto attained. The natural good taſte by which Greece ſeems to have been peculiarly diſtinguiſhed, no where appeared to greater advantage than in their public edifices. By this they were enabled to introduce new proportions and graces, and to apply the aſſiſtant arts of Sculpture and Deſign towards forming thoſe models, which, in their ſeveral kinds, have ever been regarded as the ſtandards of perfection.

THE three orders of Architecture which owe their invention to Greece, are alone ſufficient to produce whatever is majeſtic, elegant, or delicate. To the Doric we are indebted for a grandeur of ſtyle far ſuperior to thoſe huge maſſes, which were before regarded as the greateſt examples of magnificence; and whilſt the Corinthian exhibits elegance carried to a great degree of delicacy, the Ionic, preſerving a due mean between both, adds to the elegant an air of the majeſtic.

IT is much to be lamented that Greece, in its preſent ruinous ſtate, affords ſo few examples, that remain entire, of its ancient magnificence. Athens itſelf, once the ſupreme ſeat of every thing that was great and beautiſul, now diſcovers little more than a confuſed heap of ruins; yet among theſe we may trace the ſcattered rays of its former glory. The remains of the temple of Theſeus may give us ſome idea of the magnificence which was ſo nobly diſplayed in the ſuperb edifice conſecrated to the name of Olympian Jupiter; and the building called the Lanthron of Demoſthenes, more entirely preſerved, is ſtill a pattern of beauty and elegance unparalleled by Greece itſelf.

BUT if theſe ruins of Athens are to be eſteemed thus precious, what muſt have been her ſplendor in the days of Pericles, when ſhe was arrived at her full maturity, and gave law to the neighbouring nations in arts as well as in arms! The flouriſhing ſtate of Greece at this happy period, ſo richly painted by ſucceeding hiſtorians, is what we can now only contemplate with diſtant wonder. The abject ſlavery, to which this country was afterwards reduced, totally baniſhed the arts, and forced them to ſeek refuge under the ſucceſsful arms of the Roman conquerors.

To turn our eyes therefore from Athens to Rome, is only to view the ſame correct taſte transferred from Greece to Italy. The judicious Romans well knew how to reap the greateſt advantage from their conqueſts, and to enrich their country with the arts as well as the wealth of vanquiſhed nations. The erection of public edifices was an object which their greateſt emperors thought no leſs worthy of their care, than the enlargement of their territories, and the regulation of the laws. It was to a prudent imitation of thoſe models which Greece had furniſhed, that ancient Rome owed her ſplendor; and, by following thoſe eſtabliſhed proportions and orders, the Roman Architecture preſerved that greatneſs and beauty of ſtyle, which had already attained the ſummit of perfection.

WE

WE muſt not, however, wholly exclude the Romans from the praiſe of invention: though the Tuſcan and Compoſite orders, to which Italy gave origin, are rather conſidered as ſuperfluous, and only depravations of the Doric and Corinthian*. Yet is Trajan's pillar at this day one of the moſt noble and entire monuments of Rome; and a ſingular inſtance of beauty in the Tuſcan column, which was applied with ſuch propriety to immortalize the name and victories of that great emperor. The Compoſite order has not equal title to praiſe; it may rather be conſidered as the firſt effort of innovation in this art, which has ſince led to extravagance and confuſion.

IT is not therefore on the merit of invention, that Italy ought to build her claim of excellence. The moſt perfect ſpecimens of Architecture which Rome could boaſt, were but copied from Athens; and we may eſteem their theatres, baths and triumphal arches, as only repreſentations of that magnificence and beauty, the originals of which are buried in the ruins of Greece. The theatre of Marcellus affords a ſtriking example both of the ſevere Doric majeſty, and the more graceful beauty of the Ionic order. The Colloſſeum happily unites the three orders, and gives us the moſt perfect idea of the joint effects of greatneſs, elegance, and delicacy. Their religious buildings no leſs deſerve our admiration. To form a juſt conception of that grandeur of manner, which ſo forcibly affects the mind, we need only contemplate the Pantheon, a model of this ſtyle, to which ſome of the moſt approved works of modern Architects are greatly indebted for their excellence: whilſt the ſimplicity and graceful elegance of the temple of Fortuna Virilis are equally pleaſing and unrivalled.

IT is no wonder that with ſuch examples for their imitation as Greece had afforded, Italy ſhould have produced a ſucceſſion of artiſts, great in their deſigns, and correct in their taſte, beyond thoſe of other nations. The ſucceſs with which Architecture was cultivated in the moſt flouriſhing ſtate of Rome, redounds no leſs to the glory of the emperors who encouraged it, than to have been the patrons of learning and ſcience: and the golden age of Auguſtus, famed for the birth of Horace and Virgil, may claim equal honour in having produced a Vitruvius.

THE Architecture of the Romans, having thus attained the utmoſt height of Grecian purity, happily ſurvived the general corruption which took place under the bad and ignorant emperors who preſently followed. The age of Veſpaſian and Titus furniſhes examples, which ſhew that this art ſtill retained that eminence to which it had been advanced in the days of Auguſtus. The emperors Adrian and the Antonines, who ſucceeded ſoon after, contributed by their encouragement to keep alive the prevailing taſte; and the mauſoleum of the former, ſome remains of which are now called the caſtle of St. Angelo, and others, which ſtill ſubſiſt in another ſituation†, may convince us that the diſtinguiſhing patronage, with which he cheriſhed every elegant art, was not the leaſt ſucceſsful in promoting Architecture. Under Dioclesian we ſtill ſee ſome remains of good taſte, though weakened and corrupted: and ſoon after, in the arch of Conſtantine, view the laſt faint traces of Roman magnificence. Indeed, ſo great

* See Parallele de l'Architecture, &c. par M. Chambray, p. 2.

† A great number of beautiful pillars removed from thence by Conſtantine to the Church of St. Paul.

was

was the degeneracy of the art at this time, that the Architect, unable to furnish an edifice suitable to the occasion, plundered the Forum of Trajan; and thus hastily patched up this triumphal monument out of the works of former ages, prematurely and designedly reduced to ruin.

FROM this period, ancient Architecture, which had arrived at the highest degree of perfection under Augustus, and preserved its excellence under many of his later successors, appears very rapidly declining; till at length, at the subversion of the Western Empire, it shared the fate of the other polite arts, and was overwhelmed in the universal deluge of ignorance and barbarity.

OUT of the general confusion which succeeded, when the taste for works of elegance was false and vitiated, arose that style of building called Gothic; no less different from any thing which Greece or Rome had invented, than the Monkish writers of the fourteenth century from those of the age of Augustus. Italy herself was unable to withstand this total corruption of taste, and was content for the space of many centuries to give up her just title to eminence in this art, and exchange the elegant style, by which she had been so long distinguished, for the chimerical inventions of a rude and unlettered age.

THIS depraved state of Architecture is evidently seen in the first traces of the art, which we discover among our Saxon ancestors; whose massy fabrics are properly regarded as specimens of the ancient Gothic*: though custom has now appropriated the name solely to the pointed arch and slender column, which are the peculiar marks of this style in its more modern state, after it had been adopted and improved by the Normans.

RELIGIOUS buildings, both in Italy and England, afford numerous examples of this improved style, as in these it seems principally to have been employed. An affectation of ornament is its chief characteristic; and its endeavour has been, to produce those pleasing effects by extravagant loftiness and lightness of decoration, which arose in the Grecian style from proportion and a just symmetry of parts. Yet, however contemptible Gothic Architecture may be thought, in comparison of that to which it succeeded, and though it is destitute of that majesty and grace, for which the ancient orders are so deservedly esteemed, the venerable gloom which its casts over the mind, shews it to be not altogether unfit for the uses to which it has been applied: and we must still acknowledge that one of the most beautiful buildings which our country can boast is purely of this style, unassisted by the rules of antiquity†.

* See Bentham's Ely Cathedral, p. 36. † King's College Chapel at Cambridge.

[*To be continued.*]

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NUMBER XVI. SATURDAY, MAY 1ſt, 1779.

Pendent opera interrupta. *Virgil.*

GOTHIC Architecture, which had originally ſucceeded to the Grecian, gave place to it again at the revival of arts in Italy. The age of Leo the Tenth is juſtly celebrated for having diſpelled the darkneſs which had ſo long obſcured Europe, and extinguiſhed that taſte for the polite arts, which ancient Italy had ſo eminently diſplayed. Rome, which was the ſcene of ſome of the moſt famous works of antiquity, is no leſs remarkable for being the place where taſte and elegance were firſt reſtored, and modern Architecture ſprung, like a phœnix, from the aſhes of the ancient.

THE church of St. Peter, built by a ſucceſſion of artiſts, whoſe names would have done honour to ancient Rome, gives us a view of this art again advanced to complete maturity, and willing to diſpute the prize with the moſt daring knights of the Ancients. Many circumſtances at that time concurred to render this edifice ſuch a finiſhed model of perfection. The munificent patronage of Leo had then kindled every latent ſpark of genius, and called forth to fame and immortality ſome of the greateſt maſters that Italy ever ſaw. Now it was that the ſiſter arts of Painting and Sculpture contributed to enrich Architecture with every embelliſhment which magnificence could deſign, or taſte execute. What might not be expected from the union of theſe in the great Architect, Michael Angelo! the ſublimity and boldneſs of whoſe genius, exhibited in this majeſtic building, is crowned with additional beauty in the ſofter graces and elegance of Raphael.

AFTER ſuch a perfect example of excellence as this ſuperb ſtructure had afforded, the ſucceeding Italian artiſts wiſely ſaw, that to imitate antiquity was to attain every thing which grandeur and beauty could effect. Palladio, following the ſteps of this great father of modern Architecture, may be ſaid to have re-eſtabliſhed the art, and to have reſtored it to that purity and perfection, which had ſcarce been ſeen ſince the days of the earlier Roman emperors.

BUT, if we allow Italy the credit of having been the firſt in reſtoring Architecture, we ſhall not be thought partial in giving our own country her due ſhare of merit, for having adopted the good taſte thus introduced and recommended. Inigo Jones, the firſt who dared to free the Engliſh taſte from the Gothic barbarity to which it had been ſo long enſlaved, may ſurely well deſerve the praiſes of that nation to which he has opened a path unknown before, and led the way in the moſt uſeful and ornamental art which can adorn a flouriſhing country.

FROM this bold and ſucceſsful attempt, England may date the origin of every thing in this art which indicates a judicious and correct taſte. The rules of Palladio, thus happily adopted, might juſtly ſeem to promiſe whatever her moſt flattering hopes could ſuggeſt; and to diſcloſe the dawn of that future glory which, under the influence of Wren, ſhould afterwards ſhine forth with ſuch increaſe of ſplendor. If Italy may boaſt the age of Leo, and France that of a Lewis, each propitious to the efforts of genius; we have no leſs reaſon to look back with pleaſure on the reign of a monarch *, whoſe acknowledged taſte for the polite arts was equalled by the munificence with which he encouraged them. Engliſh Architecture, thus patronized and directed, produced works little ſhort of thoſe examples of antiquity, which the great Architect had propoſed to himſelf as the models for his imitation. The numerous public edifices, which aroſe in that age, from the liberality of a Charles and the ſkill of a Wren †, abundantly prove that the Engliſh, though late in receiving the elegant arts, are by no means deſtitute of that genius and refinement of manners which are neceſſary to the encouragement of their growth and cultivation; and that country may juſtly put in its claim to excellence in taſte, which has produced a cathedral ‡, ſecond to but one in Europe for majeſty and grandeur.

HAPPY would it have been for modern Architecture if the examples of thoſe reſtorers of the art, who ſucceſsfully revived the ancient ſtyle, had been ſufficient to curb the unbounded paſſion for novelty which has ſince prevailed. The buildings which Italy has produced, during the laſt century ||, appear to have ſacrificed ſymmetry to innovation, and grace and beauty to a profuſion of uſeleſs ornament. The vanity of Lewis, who offered a reward to him who ſhould invent a new order, at the ſame time that it rouſed the emulation of his ſubjects, contributed not a little to vitiate their taſte: and we have ſeen in this country a

* Charles II. † See Wren's Parentalia. ‡ St. Paul's. || See Pironeſi's Views of Rome.

Vanburgh,

Vanburgh, by aiming to introduce a new ſtyle of greatneſs, become heavy and ungraceful; whilſt ſome of his ſucceſſors* have erred on the other ſide, and from an attempt at novelty in beauty and lightneſs of decoration, are finical and affected. We have lately, however, had a noble imitation of the antique ſtyle†, which has been deſervedly applauded and admired; and may hope, under the direction of a Wyatt, to ſee once more the eſtabliſhment of this art, founded on the juſt taſte and inimitable rules of antiquity.

WE have at this time more particular reaſon to entertain theſe flattering expectations, when we ſee every elegant art under the patronage of Royal Munificence, rapidly advancing to perfection; and thoſe beneficial inſtitutions encouraged in our own country‡, the utility of which has of late been experimentally demonſtrated, by their ſucceſs in neighbouring kingdoms.

FROM this general ſurvey of Architecture, in the ſeveral periods of its perfection, decline, and revival, we cannot but obſerve the great variety of ſtyle which has prevailed at different times, and in different nations. If we conſider their private buildings in this point of view, we ſhall ſee that propriety and beauty in this art are not abſolute but relative qualities, depending in a great meaſure on the particular circumſtances of the people by whom it is exerciſed.

THE natural difference of climates has had a great ſhare in occaſioning this variety. The Aſiatic, fainting under a burning ſun, enjoys with rapture the retirement of a ſhady pavilion, where artificial fountains conſpire with the coolneſs of the marble walls, to allay the intolerable heat. The inhabitant of more inclement ſkies is only ſolicitous how he may beſt ſhelter himſelf from the bleak north wind, and defy the piercing attacks of winter. It is on this ground that our great Engliſh Architect || condemns the impropriety, of which ſome of his countrymen have been guilty, in admitting colonnades and porticos into their private buildings; which, though admirably calculated for the climate of Italy, are by no means ſuited to our own.

IT is eaſy to purſue this obſervation ſtill farther, and to remark how far the character and genius of a people ſhew themſelves in the particular manner of building which they have adopted. The jealous temper of the eaſtern nations has dictated to them a ſtyle peculiar to themſelves. Their houſes, difficult of acceſs, with few windows, and thoſe ſo latticed and blinded as almoſt to exclude the light§, ſufficiently indicate the diſpoſition of the inhabitants; as, on the contrary, we admire the conſcious integrity of the Roman Tribune**, who ordered his Architect ſo to contrive his apartments, that they might be open to the eyes of the whole city.

* Adams.
† The Pantheon.
‡ The Royal Academy.
|| Sir Chriſtopher Wren.
§ See Shaw's Travels, p. 273.
** See Velleius Paterculus, Lib. II. cap. 14.

THE

THE modes of worſhip eſtabliſhed in different countries are no leſs various than the private manners of the people, and are equally obſervable in their religious edifices. The ſmallneſs of the Roman temples readily ſuggeſts to us the nature of their ſacrifices; and the different religion of modern Rome is no where more apparently diſcovered than in the largeneſs and grandeur of St. Peter's, calculated to diſplay the pomp of ceremonies and magnificence of proceſſions.

THIS relative propriety, ariſing from the peculiarities of different nations, may ſerve further to ſhew, that, however we may eſteem Architecture as an ornamental art, we ſhall ſtill fail of giving it the praiſe which it deſerves, unleſs we conſider it as ſubſervient to the moſt excellent purpoſes of real convenience, and adding to the charms of beauty the ſuperior merit of utility. Its power in affecting the imagination, which ariſes either from a greatneſs or boldneſs of ſtyle, or from a more beautiful and correct ſymmetry and proportion, juſtly gives it a diſtinguiſhed place among the liberal arts. Theſe two manners of building, the great and the beautiful, are the ſource of every thing which Architecture can produce, whether to elevate or pleaſe the mind. Theſe indeed have their effect, either ſeparately or in union; yet is the conſideration of utility, in either inſtance, neceſſary, in order to form a complete idea of excellence.

From an apparent deficiency in this eſſential requiſite, ſome of the greateſt works of ancient times have been condemned as the vain oſtentation of luxury and pride. The pyramids of Egypt, however eſteemed as the moſt ſtupenduous monuments of the age which produced them, have generally fallen under this cenſure. But if we examine with attention the evident marks which they bear of having been religious edifices, peculiarly adapted to the mode of worſhip which prevailed in that country*, they appear in a more favourable light, and, inſtead of diſplaying uſeleſs pomp, ſhew ingenuity in the contrivance and judgment in the execution. Their obeliſks, thoſe wonderful efforts of art, are rendered ſtill more curious, on account of the aſtronomical purpoſes to which they were applied†: and the Lanthron of Demoſthenes, which is in itſelf ſo perfect a model of Grecian elegance and delicacy, has received additional beauty from our ingenious countryman, who, with his uſual acuteneſs of obſervation, has explained the uſe for which it was deſigned ‡.

THUS contemplating Architecture, as having utility for its ultimate end, we view with additional pleaſure thoſe ſuperb ſtructures of Greece and Rome, in which they have carried the beauties of ornament to ſuch an eminent degree of perfection, without loſing ſight of this firſt and moſt excellent aim. Religion, to which the greateſt works which have adorned different countries owe their origin, was probably the firſt object to which the efforts of Architecture, as an ornamental art, were directed. To build temples, which might be in ſome degree worthy of the deity to whom they were dedicated, has been the conſtant attempt of every civilized

* See Shaw's Travels, p. 418. 420: and Bryant's Mythology vol. III. p. 529. 530.

† See Bandini de Obeliſcis, p. 91. ‡ See Stuart's Athens.

people.

people. This design naturally led them to introduce every decoration which their highest ideas of grandeur and magnificence could suggest: how nobly these ideas were executed, is sufficiently seen in the examples which antiquity has afforded; and while we consider them with pleasure, as works of art, we cannot but applaud the excellence of the motive which gave origin to such glorious specimens of national devotion and piety.

BUT when we look back with a degree of reverence on those nations in which this art has appeared in its greatest splendor, uniting propriety with beauty, and use with ornament, we must not suffer ourselves to be so far blinded by their excellence, as to forget our own just title to praise and commendation. The noble purposes to which Architecture has been applied in this country, far exceed any thing which either Greece or Rome have discovered; and if we yield to them in the art, considered as ornamental, we have no less claim to superiority, from the useful ends to which it has been applied.

NOT content with having patronized the noblest monument dedicated to religion which his country ever saw, our English Monarch extended his munificence still farther, and judiciously made his encouragement of art subservient to the most laudable purposes of public charity. The relief of the sick, and the support of the infirm, who, in the earlier part of their lives had devoted themselves to the service of their country, are objects which do honour to national gratitude and royal liberality*: and in these days, the generous temper by which our countrymen are distinguished, no where appears more conspicuously than in the numerous public edifices, where the benevolence of the wealthy is humanely contributed towards the alleviating the wants of the poor and helpless, oppressed at once with penury, pain and disease.

WHILST we thus wisely employ the efforts of art in promoting the noblest designs of public virtue, we need not doubt of meeting with that patronage and assistance which is never wanting in this country to works of genius, when directed in their proper channel, to the general good of society and mankind.

ENGLAND has abundantly experienced the beneficial effects of this art, when applied to the encouragement and protection of learning and science. We enjoy here† an Athens of our own, which the munificence of our ancestors has founded, and made the nursery of every accomplishment which can adorn a civilized people. The spirit of improving this seat of learning, thus happily established, well deserves all the warmth of applause and favour with which we have seen it cherished and promoted; and the liberality of a Sheldon and a Radcliffe judiciously di-

* Chelsea College, founded by Charles II. and Greenwich Hospital by King William and Queen Mary.

† This elegant composition gained the prize at Oxford in the year 1776, and was spoken in the Theatre.

rected

rected to the joint ends of ornament and utility, may induce us to hope, that as we have already equalled ancient Athens in the purſuits of ſcience and literature, we may in time become no leſs her rivals in external magnificence and ſplendor.

WHAT the preſent day has been able to produce in Architecture Sir William Chambers has now ſhown us. His building would perhaps have found more general approbation, had Almon never publiſhed the famous Epiſtle to the "Knight of the Polar Star." Ridicule is no friend to truth. Poetry is more generally underſtood than Architecture.

HOWEVER the preſent day be marked with Architecture, it is the day, at leaſt, in which Inigo Jones, either from the neceſſity of decay, or the choice of taſte, gives place to moderns. This has happened in the Strand, and in Great Queen-ſtreet.

FASHION is never ſatisfied. Students of Lincolns-Inn are now to turn over Coke upon Lyttelton in a ſtone building which would have aſtoniſhed the ages of thoſe great men. They may thus become lawyers,—but let not the moraliſts of the riſing generation reproach them with luxury and extravagance, when their parents ſent them to ſtudy law in a building more ſuperb than that in which either houſe of parliament aſſembled, or that in which their king reſided. The rules of Horace with regard to the beginning of an epic poem, ſhould be obſerved in the beginning of life—*Nec ſic incipies.*—It is for connoiſſeurs to determine upon Mr. Taylor's merit as an Architect,—ſome one was moſt ſhamefully in fault, that the upper part of Chancery-Lane, one of the narroweſt and moſt frequented paſſes in London, was not widened, when the buildings were erected in Lincolns-Inn garden.

THE ſenſible author of this Eſſay obſerves to what uſeful purpoſes Architecture has been turned in our age. She has lent her aid alſo to erect habitations for gaming. St. James's-ſtreet has produced two laboured edifices of this kind, while the King of Great Britain ſtill reſides in the ſame dirty palace*, and our lords and commons hold their auguſt aſſemblies in the ſame ſhameful barns.—If ours be *Roman* ſenates, from their virtue and patriotiſm they derive that title, not from the buildings in which their wiſdom and integrity decide the fate of empires.

* *Palace* is not the word we ſhould have uſed here. Johnſon defines it to mean a "royal houſe," or a "houſe *eminently ſplendid.*"

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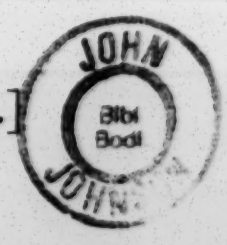

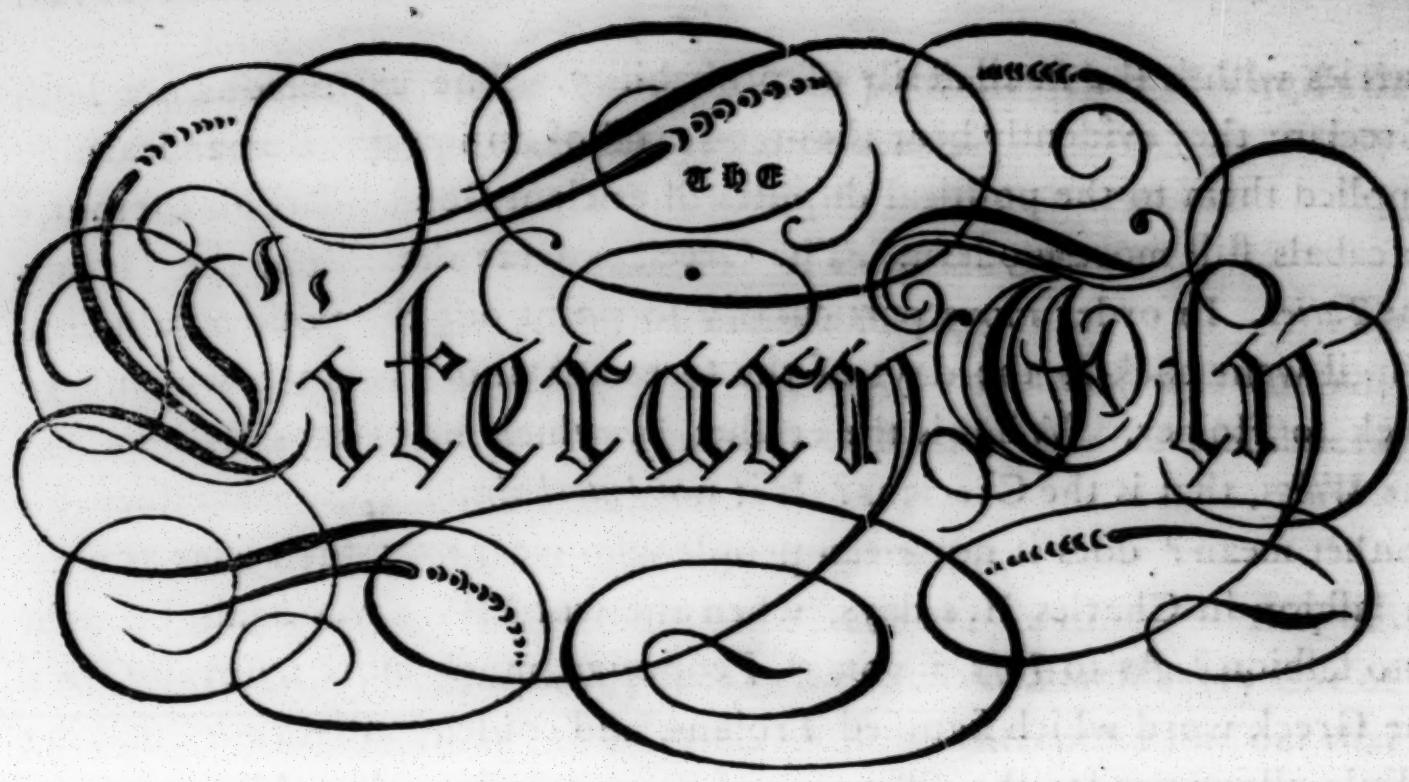

NUMBER XVII. SATURDAY, MAY 8th, 1779.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magiſter
Ire viam quam monſtrat eques. *Hor.*

Ex quovis ligno fit hobbyhorſe.

FROM what Virgil ſays in the ſecond book of his Æneid, I ſhall now clearly ſhow the light in which the Trojan Horſe ought to be underſtood.—But, firſt, with regard to the expreſſions *Whig* and *Tory*. Swift proved that the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin languages were derived from the Engliſh. This was ſurely carrying the joke too far.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi.

All I ſay is that the Engliſh language has more obligations to the Greek for theſe two little words *Whig* and *Tory*, to which they have been handed down through the Roman. Hitherto, *Whig* has been taken for an Iriſh or Scottiſh word, ſignifying whey; *Tory* for an Iriſh word, ſignifying a robber. And we have been taught that, under the reign of Charles II. while his brother, then Duke of York, was obliged to retire into Scotland, two parties were formed in that country. The Duke's being the ſtronger, perſecuted the other, and frequently forced them to fly into the mountains and woods, where they had often no other ſubſiſtence than cows' milk. Their adverſaries chriſtened them *Whigs*, becauſe they lived on milk, or *whey*; and they in return, beſtowed the appellation of *Tories*, or robbers. Let me aſk my Readers whether this Iriſh ſtory of cows' milk,

carries with it the ſmalleſt air of probability. The expreſſions are both Grecian; they evidently bear the green cruſt of antiquity. Roman learning applied them to the political diſputes of ancient Rome—Britiſh literature to cabals ſtill more modern. The Grecians were the *Whigs*, the Trojans the *Tories*. In order more particularly to point out the political alluſion, Virgil went back to the days of the Grecians and Trojans: we muſt go back to Homer. What is the epithet by which he always diſtinguiſhes the *Whigs*, that is the Grecians? Is it not *long-haired*? Now what does this epithet mean? does it not mean people who wear *wigs*, ſuch wigs as were in faſhion in Charles II.'s days, when the word *Whig* was again brought into faſhion? As to *Tory*, it comes, I conceive, much more naturally from the Greek word which ſignified Trojans, and conſequently *Tories*, making a little allowance for the difference of pronunciation, than Alexander the Great, as Swift would perſuade us, from *all eggs under the grate*.

Now for Virgil's own teſtimony in his own cauſe; which I ſhall give as conciſely as poſſible.

Divinâ Palladis arte—et donum exitiale Minervæ, &c. &c.

prove that it muſt have been ſomething in which the underſtanding was concerned; ſince I do not find that Minerva, the goddeſs of wiſdom, preſided over wooden horſes. *Subjectiſque urere flammis*—i. e. it deſerved to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

——— Primuſque Thymœtes

Duci intra muros hortatur, et arce locari.

This paſſage, and Sinon's ſubſequent ſpeech, prove the idiom of the Roman language to have been the ſame with ours—and preſerve it very artfully. As ſoon as the *Trojan Horſe* made its appearance, firſt Thymœtes and afterwards Sinon perſuaded the public to *take in* the new periodical paper.—Laocoon was evidently the party writer on the other ſide. The Poet himſelf ſays, as plainly as man can ſpeak, *equo ne credite*, don't believe a word I ſay about the *Horſe*;—put not your truſt in my *Horſe*.—*Donec Chalcante miniſtro*—Chalcas then was the *miniſter*, the Lord North of thoſe days.

BUT, ſhould the Poet forget himſelf ſo far as to talk of the *author* of his wooden horſe, inſtead of the carpenter, no poſſible doubt can remain. Now juſt this he abſolutely does:

Quò molem hanc inmanis equi ſtatuêre? Quis AUCTOR?

Did any mortal ever hear of the *author* of any thing which was made of wood?—

Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque TUBARUM:

the trick, therefore, of diſtributing the *Morning Poſt* by the ſound of a horn was not original, the *Trojan Horſe* appears to have been thus diſtributed.

Æneas,

Æneas, it ſhould ſeem, was meant for ſome political writer of Virgil's day;

Si fata fuiſſent ut caderem, meruiſſe MANU.

And before;

Sat patriæ Priamoque datum: ſi Pergama *dextra*
Defendi pôſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.

Of Pope's claſſical knowledge few readers, I conclude, will doubt: his idea of the laſt-quoted paſſage is manifeſt; for ſee how he tranſlates it in his epic poem, called the *Dunciad*:

Could Troy be ſaved by any ſingle hand,
This *grey gooſe weapon* muſt have made her ſtand. B. i. l. 197.

VIRGIL's true meaning really ſpeaks for itſelf in almoſt every line of the ſecond Æneid. Nothing can be ſaid againſt my interpretation, but that my Reader will not ſee a periodical paper in that which he has ſo long taken for a wooden horſe. Thus cuſtom does make cowards of us all. Let me try an experiment.

THE deſtined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began. Say, goddeſs, that preſideſt over hiſtory, who it was that firſt advanced in the field of battle. P. at the head of his dragoons, obſerving G. in the adverſe wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave Ancient received upon his ſhield, the point breaking in the ſecond fold. Then A. obſerving B. advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which miſſed the valiant Modern, and went hiſſing over his head: but D. it hit; the ſteel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece, it pierced the leather and the paſteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till Death, like a ſtar of ſuperior influence, drew him into his own vortex.

THE hour of night being now arrived, Sinon unlocks the monſter's dark abodes, and lets out his companions who were incloſed in the horſe's womb. They joyfully let themſelves down by a rope; and immediately make war upon the drowſy, drunken Town (invadunt urbem ſomno vinoque ſepultam). The watch are put to flight (cæduntur vigiles—whence I once took the horſe to mean a Roman roundhouſe, but I acknowledge my miſtake). Who can relate the ſlaughter of that night! Firſt Choræbus fell by the hand of Peneleus. Then Ripheus, the juſteſt of the Trojans (a juſtice of the peace, I conjecture). Hypanis and Dymas alſo bit the earth—nor could thy piety, or holy office ſave thee, Pantheus. I now thought it prudent to retreat. Iphitus and Pelias followed me, this ſlow from the wound of Ulyſſes, that from age.

Now, where is the difference between theſe two paſſages? Which is jeſt, which earneſt?—Or is either of them jeſt? One is clearly tranſlated from Virgil, the other—what ſays my Reader?—the other is tranſcribed from a fragment

a fragment of an epic poem, called "The Battle of the Books;" to be found in Swift's works. Will posterity believe that Swift only meant an ideal dispute between the folios, 4tos, 8vos, and 12mos, of his own times, and the folios, 4tos, 8vos, and 12mos, of antiquity? Swift's P. G. A. B. D. stand for Paracelsus, Galen, Aristotle, Bacon, Des Cartes. Had it been possible for his warriors to have been christened more classically,—Choræbus, Peneleus, Ripheus,—nothing could have been more like an epic poem, or less like a combat between a parcel of dusty, worm-eaten books, upon the shelves of a library.

But Virgil's double meaning was clear to his own times, and has been always understood till modern critics blundered so about it and about it. Our expression a "horse laugh," does not now require an explanation. That Horace alluded to the *Trojan Horse*, in the passage which I have used as the motto to my present Number, my Readers will now plainly perceive. And when we talk of *a story of a cock and a bull*, the Romans always talked of *a story of a Trojan horse*.

After all, let me, once for all, ask the candid Reader—Is it stranger that a horse should be a periodical paper, than that an ass should be the Eleusynian mysteries! Warburton has plainly proved that the metamorphosis of Apuleius of Madaura, called the Golden Ass, was a work designed to recommend initiation into the mysteries, in opposition to the new religion. To show how blind conjecture will blunder in the dark, this curious discovery was never made till the days of Warburton. The simplicity of good St. Austin's faith understood this wag literally, and believed that he was really changed into an ass, and that he recovered his human shape again by eating a chaplet of roses. A German chymist extracted a different secret out of this fable; by a most laborious process, he discovered that it contained the mysteries of the philosopher's stone.

Another circumstance—commentators have clearly shown Virgil's Horse to be so many different things— a battering engine, a mountain, and I know not what—that nothing remained but my discovery. A periodical paper is almost the only thing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, to which it has not been likened.

But this is not wonderful—the only wonder is that, in so many discoveries, no one has hitherto hit upon the right. Antiquarians and commentators will be found as long as the world stands. We who are now hunting after the meaning of antiquity, shall leave to future generations enough to exercise their ingenuity. Posterity will write as learned dissertations to prove the mighty difference between the old English soup-ladle and table-spoon, as our times have seen upon the nature of the Roman strigil and sacrificing knife—they will pore over a punch-bowl to be found in some British ruins, with as much reverence and gout as their ancestors ever

studied

ſtudied a chamber-pot diſcovered in the ruins of Herculaneum—and finally, ſhould they but be bleſt with the ſame ſpirit of diſcovery, they will put forth as long, laborious and learned a treatiſe upon the *Literary Fly* of the eighteenth century, as I have given to my countrymen upon the *Trojan Horſe* of the Auguſtan age.

ALEXANDER rewarded the ſoldier, whoſe ingenuity contrived to ſhoot a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a buſhle of corn for his pains; that his art might not ſpeedily want materials on which to exerciſe itſelf. My diſcovery, reſpecting the wooden horſe of Virgil, deſerves, at leaſt, I conceive, the compliment of a wooden horſe for my trouble. And I do expect that the city preſents me with the freedom of that particular company, whichever it be, the members of which ſupply mankind with wooden hobbyhorſes—and that a certain auguſt Aſſembly, whoſe approbation alone is immortality, whether they beſtow it upon one who does or does not fight, forthwith vote me their thanks, together with the moſt prancing and ſpirited of all the wooden hobbyhorſes which are to be found in the toy-ſhops throughout his Majeſty's kingdom of England, principality of Wales, and town of Berwick upon Tweed.

MY metamorphoſis is not ſurely like that in the Duke of Buckingham's conference with an Iriſh prieſt, where a cork is turned into a horſe. Nor is my attempt, I ſhould hope, as mad a one as that of Zaleucus, who took ſo much pleaſure in contradicting the moſt received truth, that he wrote a long treatiſe, with great fury and ill language, to prove that the bull of Phalaris was a mere fable. Had that ingenious tyrant lived to peruſe his treatiſe, it is more than probable he would have given the critic pretty full demonſtration of his miſtake. Nor am I ſure that an argument of this kind now and then would not be of wonderful ſervice to the race of critics.

BUT I ſhall now leave the learned world to enjoy the ſatisfaction of my diſcovery, while I enjoy the applauſe of that world and of my conſcience for the benefits I have rendered to mankind—benefits almoſt as great as if I had given up three years of my life to prove that a Birmingham farthing was a coin of Caracalla—as if I had ſlept under a boat with a queen of Otaheite; or brought home Abyſſinian drawings executed by an artiſt who was never out of Italy.

As to the truth of my diſcovery, it ſpeaks for itſelf; and I am perſuaded had I the art of raiſing the dead, an art long loſt to the world, Virgil would in perſon acknowledge his obligations to my learning, and hug me to death with embraces of gratitude.

SHOULD any obſtinate Reader entertain the ſmalleſt doubt, I well remember what Warburton ſays—that he, who does not ſee Philemon and Baucis is taken from the ſtory of Lot, muſt be very near blind.

MOREOVER

Moreover to any one who shall have the impudence to deny or gainsay a single title of my explanation, I answer, with the Father, and the Bishop just mentioned, *mentiris impudentissime*.

Doth any male or female Reader presume to doubt? by G—d Ladies and Gentlemen, as brother Peter used to say, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the devil broil them eternally that will not believe me.

Why a publication begins, or why it ceases, is of little consequence to the Public. Reasons might, with no great difficulty, be given; but reasons, when given, are not always believed, nor, when believed, always true. The Writer had his reasons for sitting down to the Literary Fly; nor is he now, very probably, without some for dropping it: his Readers had theirs also for perusing his Numbers. To his Readers he returns his thanks. The present is the last Number of the Literary Fly.

Concerning the share of praise or blame which may be thrown upon the Writer, he does not feel himself very solicitous. Writers may say what they please on paper, but who ever yet published that which Criticism could easily persuade him to disapprove?

Of the mechanical labours of the Printer much ought to be said. Whatever may be thought of the matter of the Literary Fly, the manner in which the Printer has performed his part of the work does credit to himself and to his country. Nor will this be found an exaggeration.

Promises have been made respecting the history of the life and writings of poor Chatterton. It was religiously intended to fulfil them; but other avocations deprive the Author of the Literary Fly of the time which such a work would well deserve. Such a work however shall yet appear—and this age and nation shall yet be put to the blush by the life, writings and death of Thomas Chatterton.

What can I say more?

Those Numbers, of which any Copies remain, may be had at the Printer's, C. Etherington, No 25 St. Paul's Churchyard.